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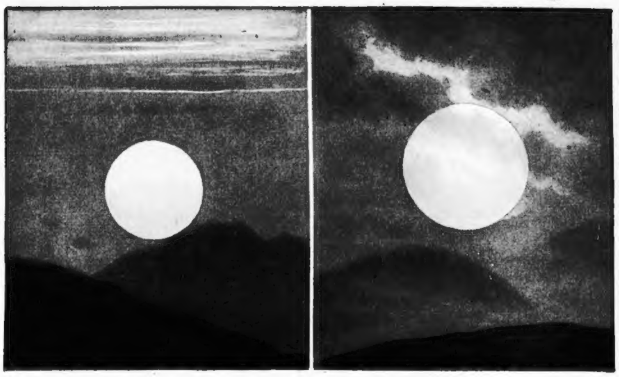
Venus, Brilliant Mystery of the Heavens



Comparative Size of the Disc of the Sun Seen From the Earth (on the Left) and From Venus (on the Right). This Difference Is Due to the Fact That Venus Is Nearer to the Sun Than We Are and Receives Almost Twice the Amount of Radiation That Reaches the Earth.

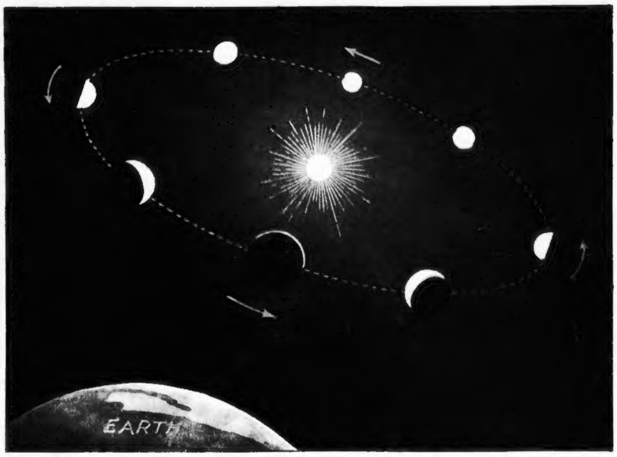


Illustration of the Phases of Venus. From the Earth We See the Planet Revolve Around the Sun and Present to Us the Illuminated Part of Its Globe in Very Different Forms. The Effect of Perspective in This Diagram Enables the Reader to See That the Phases Correspond to Positions in Which Venus Is at Very Unequal Distances From the Earth.

Although Nearer the Earth Than Mars, We Know Less About This Great Planet on Account of Its Fogs and Clouds

By Prof. Lucien Rudaux,

The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of the Donville Observatory, France

THE heavenly bodies never cease to awaken in our minds the keenest interest. Even when we think we know them well, we soon find there is still much to learn about them before we can have any idea how they compare with our earth.

Among these worlds pursuing their pathway like ours through the depths of space, some have received special attention because the facts observed about them have a fairly precise character. Thus we often speak of the moon, our nearest neighbor, with considerable certainty from certain points of view. It is the same with the planet Mars, concerning which we recently set forth in these pages the latest information acquired by astronomers.

It is very different with Venus. Although it is not so far from us as Mars, it is hardly ever discussed. And yet it attracts the eyes of the ordinary observer very strongly. Almost everybody knows and admires this brilliant planet, because it shines in the sky at twilight with a brilliancy which surpasses that of all the heavenly bodies.

Then why is it so much neglected? This is explained, no doubt, by the fact that the planet has discouraged the investigations of many astronomers. Some of them have been able to draw no conclusions from their investigations, while, as we shall see, the results obtained by others seem absolutely contradictory. In fact, there is a veritable heavenly mystery about Venus which it would be very interesting to penetrate, and to the solution of which every new study may contribute. We will now try to make a contribution to this subject.

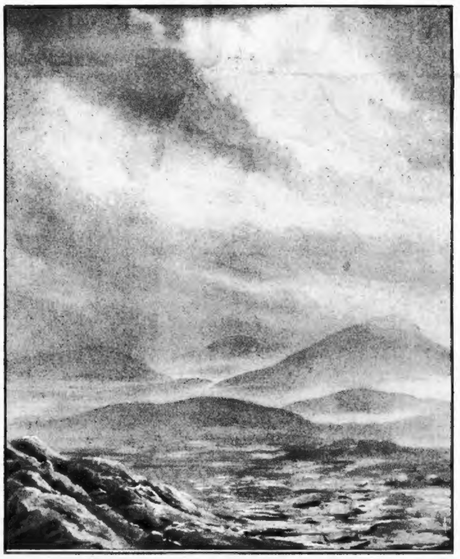
Venus is very near to us at certain periods. It does not require powerful instruments to see it. It is as big as the earth and may be seen when conditions are favorable in very large apparent dimensions, which facilitate its examination. But its dimensions and its proximity are not the only things which give it its magnificent brilliancy. The latter is due to causes of which we are largely ignorant. The surface of this planet, in fact, shows itself, at first sight, to be of uniform whiteness and almost without discernible detail.

One must first understand the conditions under which Venus presents itself to observation. It turns around the sun at a distance of 66,960,000 miles in 225 days, and it is, therefore, nearer to the sun than the earth, from which we see it in perspective completing its course, as the accompanying diagram shows. Therefore, sometimes on one side of the sun and sometimes on the other, it precedes our luminary at its rising and follows it at its setting, without moving far away from it in either case.

But in consequence of this course which we see it accomplishing, the globe of Venus, only half lighted up by the sun, shows itself in very different situations, which reveal themselves to our eyes in the form of phases similar to those of the moon. This is also explained by the diagram, which enables us to recognize that these phases correspond to certain positions in which Venus is at very different distances from the earth.

When it is near to us, it passes between the sun and our globe, turning towards us the greater part of its hemisphere in the shadow, so that we only see a small part of its lighted surface in the form of a crescent, the only part, naturally, which it is possible to examine. In order to see this lighted side broadly, it is necessary to choose periods when it shows itself more or less face to face with us, which means when it is in positions that are very distant from the earth. But under these conditions the apparent size of the globe is very much reduced, which increases the difficulty of examination. We are, therefore, forced to realize that when the phases of Venus are easily visible, the planet offers an unfavorable opportunity for a detailed examination of the various points of its surface.

When examined in the course of its different phases, this surface, as we have said, shows itself at first sight to be of uniform whiteness. It does not present any of the peculiarities of the surface of Mars, on which a distribution of light and dark regions of varied colors may easily be recognized. Venus recalls still less the rugged appearance of the formations scattered over the moon. All we can succeed in distinguishing on Venus, and then only after prolonged attention, very fatiguing to the eyes, are very vague outlines, some regions whiter than the rest showing themselves at times with less vagueness.



Probable Character of the Scenery on the Surface of Venus. Under the Permanently Cloudy Sky the Views of the Surface Must Constantly Change Into New and Vague Forms.

But if we compare the drawings of various observers representing the vague outlines seen by each of them, these aspects appear, in most cases, to have no relation with one another; it is, therefore, not surprising that they have led observers to quite opposite conclusions. The reader can judge of the disagreement that prevails by a short summary of the principal observations made up to the present.

Cassini, Bianchini and Schroeter in the 18th century, and then de Vico in the middle of the last century, saw large round spots, either isolated or joined by strips; these spots were then interpreted as being seas, to which Bianchini gave names. At the same time these different astronomers believed, on account of the displacements observed in the position of the spots, that Venus turned on itself in twenty-three hours and twenty-one minutes, and this figure was long accepted as true. It was also accepted that the axis of rotation was very greatly inclined, which produced exaggerated differences of season. Further, because of certain irregularities of the edge of the lighted areas, in the course of the different phases, it was believed that colossal mountains existed on this world.

More modern observers have seen similar aspects, and others have seen quite different and more complicated ones. The latter class of observations is explained partly by the perfection of modern optical instruments which furnish images of superior quality. But a real revolution in our studies of this planet occurred in 1877. The distinguished Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, announced that he could see that the details of Venus preserved an unchanging position. This assertion destroyed the notion of the rapid rotation of this planet, in the neighborhood of twenty-four hours, indicating that Venus turns around the sun, towards which it always presents the same side of its globe. It would seem, therefore, that we can only see this one-half of the planet, the other half remaining eternally in the shade on the opposite side from the sun.

Since this period a conflict has been going on. Some astronomers have supported the slow rotation discovered by Schiaparelli, while others, on the contrary, have asserted that Venus appears to them to be turning with a relatively rapid movement, the direction of which, however, is not seen to be the same by all observers, for they vary from one to several days. The observations by which these authorities support their views in one case and the other are sometimes so dissimilar in appearance that no useful comparison seems possible.

In view of these facts, so frankly opposed to one another, some scientists have thought that the beautiful aspects of Venus were entirely illusions. This is perhaps going too far, for what has been reported must have some real basis, especially as the good faith and ability of the observers are not questioned. It should be added, in support of the accuracy of these curious details of Venus, that in spite of several small inevitable divergences, they have been seen simultaneously under different conditions by absolutely independent observers.

We must, therefore, seek the cause of the general disagreement. It is important, in the first place, to note that because of these conditions astronomers have ended by supposing that they could see nothing stable on Venus, that is to say, that instead of scenes representing inequalities of the surface, they were looking at moving and changeable appearances, caused by disturbances of a thick atmospheric layer hiding the soil from human eyes. Certain evidence, which it would take too long to explain, proves the existence of this atmosphere, which indeed, in certain cases, has been seen directly.

But if nobody doubts the reality of this atmosphere, opinions are very different as to its character. For a long time we thought it was very thick, of a density nearly double that of the earth's atmosphere, and loaded with water vapor forming heavy clouds which stretched in an unbroken layer and concealed from sight the soil of the planet.

But, according to recent observations, no trace of water vapor can be discovered, and there can, therefore, be no clouds comparable to our clouds in this atmosphere, which, therefore, must be of much less density than ours. In the latter case it ought to allow us to see the surface of the planet, and the absence of marked details would be explained by the almost complete uniformity of a whitish soil of unknown nature. However, if this were so, the aspects seen, however little visible they might be, should appear unchangeable, and it must be admitted that the variations observed do not seem compatible with the white soil theory.

Now let us endeavor to clear up all these facts. Most of these observers have studied the planet, each by himself, during relatively short periods, usually at very different dates and much separated from one another. Few of the observations have been simultaneous, confirming and completing one another. But it happens that this condition helps us to understand some things.

Since 1892 Venus has been systematically studied in my observatory. A comparison of all the documents gathered together in this way for thirty-eight years furnishes me facts which explain, in large part, the causes of the general disagreement. They show that the aspects of Venus are, indeed, variable. The details which are seen at a certain period, for instance, are different from those of another period observed before or afterwards. They are even susceptible of changing rather rapidly, sometimes in a few days. In consequence of these facts, it is probable that the various observers are right, as they would have seen different appearances according to the dates of their observations. In a long series of drawings I have made it possible to examine all the features of the principal aspects seen successively by different observers.

The disagreements which exist in estimates of the rotation of Venus are explained in the same way. There are some details which are seen to be moving at a rate corresponding to a rather rapid rotation, and, on the other hand, there are others which seem to remain a long time in the same position, as if Venus really always presented the same side of its globe towards the sun in accordance with the theory of slow rotation put forward by Schiaparelli.

All this leads to the conclusion that we do not see the surface of Venus with oceans or mountainous regions, which would be permanent aspects, but only unstable phenomena in the midst of an atmospheric layer hiding the soil from our eyes. It is important to understand at this point that the nature of the details as well as a certain symmetry of distribution on one side and the other of the middle of the globe strengthen the theory that they are meteorological formations.

It necessarily follows from such conditions that, owing to the lack of fixed points, it is very difficult to know exactly what is the period of rotation of the planet. However, it appears that certain disturbances of the atmospheric layer seem to have a relation—as may be observed in a similar connection on earth—with the nature of various regions of the surface. It may be, therefore, that perseverance in observation will enable us, sooner or later, to fix certain peculiarities which will help us to calculate the rotation. Periods as widely separated as 225 days and 24 hours have been estimated by different observers.

Without going into a too lengthy discussion, the question may be summed up by saying that there is much probability that the truth will be found between

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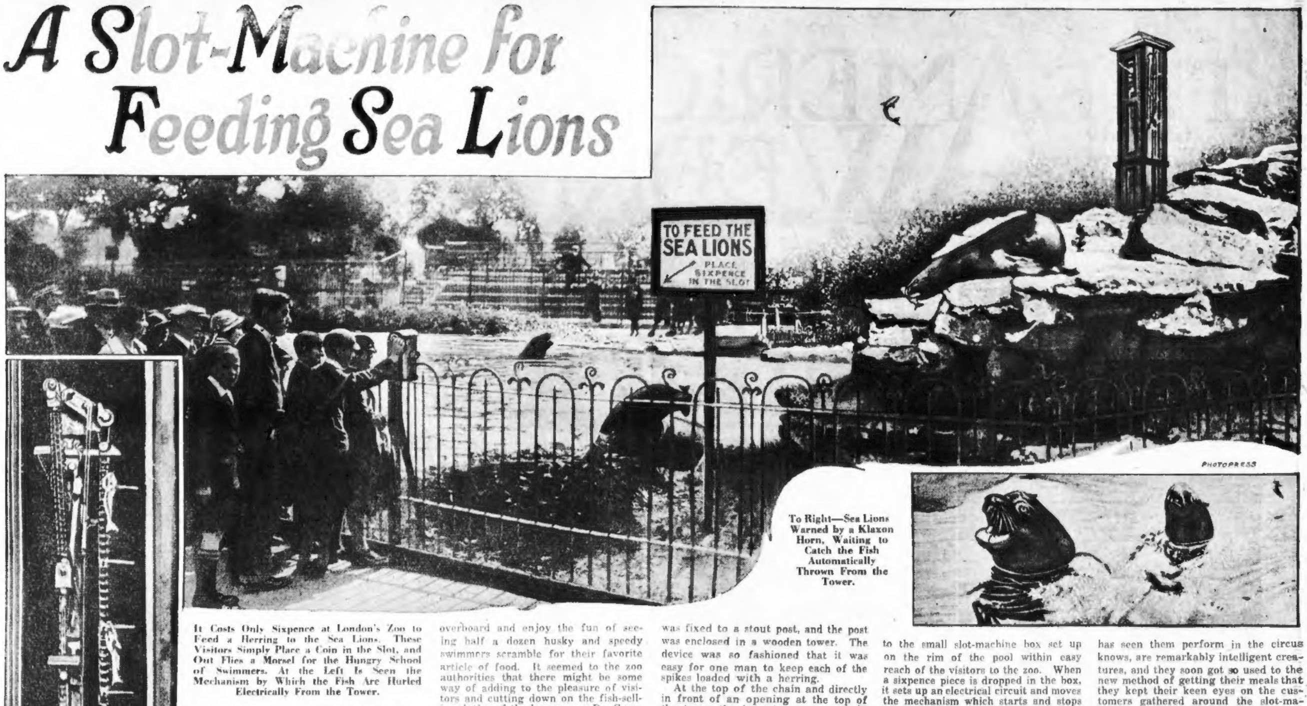
A Slot-Machine for Feeding Sea Lions



PHOTOPRESS

It Costs Only Sixpence at London's Zoo to Feed a Herring to the Sea Lions. These Visitors Simply Place a Coin in the Slot, and Out Flies a Morsel for the Hungry School of Swimmers. At the Left Is Seen the Mechanism by Which the Fish Are Hurled Electrically From the Tower.

To Right—Sea Lions Warned by a Klaxon Horn, Waiting to Catch the Fish Automatically Thrown From the Tower.

LONDON.

A NEW machine has been installed at the sea lion pool of this city's world-famous zoo. It is attracting hundreds of people to the spot every day and keeping the six inhabitants of the pool fat, healthy and happy. The device—as the large photograph shows—is an automatic slot machine which, when a sixpence is dropped in a little box, tosses a herring from the top of a tower and sends the sea lions diving and plunging for the tidbit to the amusement of the spectators.

For many years it had been the job of some of the keepers of the sea lions to sell fish to visitors to the zoo, so that the buyers could throw the fish overboard and enjoy the fun of seeing half a dozen husky and speedy swimmers scramble for their favorite article of food. It seemed to the zoo authorities that there might be some way of adding to the pleasure of visitors and cutting down on the fish-selling duties of the keepers, so Dr. Granville Baillie, the consulting engineer of the establishment, was assigned the job of designing a mechanical fish-vending machine.

The task was not a difficult problem in mechanics for him. He worked out a plan of the machine in a few hours' time. The plan called for an upright traveling chain fitted with 48 projecting spikes attached to the chain at regular intervals. The spiked chain was fixed to a stout post, and the post was enclosed in a wooden tower. The device was so fashioned that it was easy for one man to keep each of the spikes loaded with a herring.

At the top of the chain and directly in front of an opening at the top of the tower the inventor put a sort of trigger, actuated by a powerful spring. The spring was released just as each spike came to the top and the fish on that projection was tossed into the air and down into the pool where the sea lions disport themselves.

A simple mechanism was employed to move the chain and to stop it at exactly the right time. Dr. Baillie, being an electrical, as well as mechanical engineer, then hooked up his machine to the small slot-machine box set up on the rim of the pool within easy reach of the visitors to the zoo. When a sixpence piece is dropped in the box, it sets up an electrical circuit and moves the mechanism which starts and stops the traveling chain which serves as a conveyor for the fish.

One more feature was included in the interesting device — an electric horn which blows a few seconds before a fish is hurled from the top of the tower to the surface of the pool. This, it was thought, was necessary to notify the sea lions that food was about to descend upon them and to assure the paying customer plenty of action.

The sea lions, as everyone who ever has seen them perform in the circus knows, are remarkably intelligent creatures, and they soon got so used to the new method of getting their meals that they kept their keen eyes on the customers gathered around the slot-machine box and needed no warning signal to prepare them for what was coming.

There's one unfortunate feature of the odd feeding method—and this is no fault of the machine—Bill, the big and speedy boss of the pool, gets most of the fish for himself and his friend Sally. At night, when Bill and his consort are less alert, the keepers hand-feed the other four inmates of the pool to even things up a bit.

Bathing Suit Made of Copper

WHEN pretty Helen Brow, of Phoenix, Arizona, recently appeared in public, scantily and charmingly dressed in a bathing suit which seemed to be fashioned of beaten copper, she did not think that she was setting a mode. Nor did the judges who selected her as the current "Miss Arizona" believe that they were launching an innovation in seaside apparel which will spread to the smart watering places of the world.

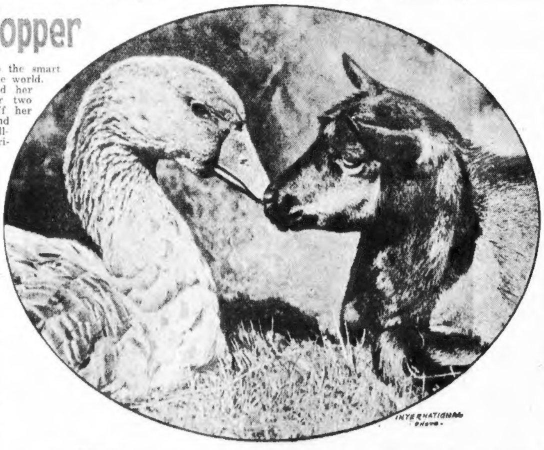
Miss Brow donned her swimming outfit for two reasons—to show off her feminine charms and to advertise the well-known fact that Arizona produces a lot of that useful mineral—copper. The suit, of course, is not actually made of thin sheets of the pure metal. It is cloth sprayed with a copper solution, which gives the garment comfortable flexibility and, at the same time, makes it appear to the eye as a creation of dull metal.

Various kinds of so-called metal cloth already are used by certain fashion designers, especially makers of stage wardrobes. A season or two ago the fashion czars of Paris decreed turbans made of shining fabric dyed in the tones of silver and gold. The vogue apparently was a bit too bizarre to enjoy great popularity.

Perhaps the idea, which just didn't take hold as a feature of evening outfits, may appeal to the millions of women who take to the water but don't swim.

© PHOTO INTL.

Miss Helen Brow, of Phoenix, Arizona, Wearing a Copper Sprayed Bathing Suit Which Is Guaranteed "Not to Rust."



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO.

MOVIE newsreel men from all over England recently made short feature films of the goose and the goat shown above, which have entered into an amusing friendship on the farm of a British peer at Hertfordshire. Since the goose was two weeks old, and the goat four times that age, the two creatures have participated in one of those strange friendships of the animal world. The fact that each lost a parent in babyhood might possibly have inspired their mutual sympathy. At any rate, goose and goat are inseparable companions and will resent with violence any attempt to deprive them of each other's company. At night the goose insists on sleeping atop the goat's back, and for this privilege foregoes the barnyard companionship of its own species.

Queen "Bee's" Scantiest Costume

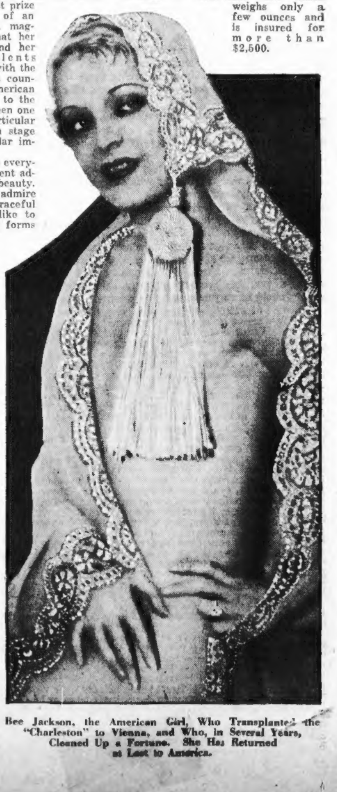
VIENNA.

DURING the days when the made-in-America "Charleston" was being stamped and shaken in dance halls and on stages all over this country, Bee Jackson quit Broadway and went to Europe. She happened to be visiting the "City of Beautiful Women" when someone there conceived the notion of staging a Charleston exhibition.

Bee won the first prize and the attention of an Austrian theatrical magnate who knew that her type of beauty and her Terpsichorean talents would make a hit with the theatregoers of his country. Since the American girl put her name to the contract, she has been one of the bright particular stars of the Austrian stage and its most popular imported dancer.

The Viennese, as everyone knows, are ardent admirers of feminine beauty. They warmly admire comely faces and graceful forms—and they like to see these faces and forms when they go to the theatre. That's the reason why Bee so frequently appeared on the stage in costumes as abbreviated as they are fetching, and why she has, in her extensive wardrobe, such revealing get-ups as the one she's wearing in the photograph.

This outfit, incidentally, is Miss Jackson's scantiest as well as one of her most valuable ones. It is a flimsy creation of hand-made lace which weighs only a few ounces and is insured for more than $2,500.



Bee Jackson, the American Girl, Who Transplanted the "Charleston" to Vienna, and Who, in Several Years, Cleaned Up a Fortune. She Has Returned at Last to America.

Venus, Brilliant Mystery of the Heavens

(Continued from Front Page)

these two extremes. The repetition of certain general appearances, sometimes after a passage of a few days, does not possibly seem to relate to the return of conditions entailed by a long rotation equal to several of our earthly days, perhaps to fifteen days; that, at least, is what stands out from the mass of my observations.

On the other hand, atmospheric phenomena may very well explain the persistent aspects which cause the illusion that the same phase of Venus is always towards the sun. We have seen that there is no agreement on the nature of the atmosphere. We observe that it exists, but as physical analysis remains defective or furnishes contradictory results, it must be that special unknown conditions exist up there.

Now, it is possible to conceive that phenomena would arise in the heart of the aerial mass drawn around by the rotation of the planet and would persist for a long time by renewing themselves in a fixed position with regard to the sun. Thus, in spite of a rapid rotation, Venus would at certain times give us the illusion of a slow one. It is as if certain clouds of striking form remained in nearly the same position while the globe was revolving behind them.

Although my observations appear to bring some precise facts to this subject, much information is still lacking before it can be possible to clear up all the mysteries, all the laws which rule this strange planet. The principal cause of the variations which Venus presents is the solar radiation, which is more intense than on earth, because Venus is nearer to the sun.

What form does this radiation take, exactly what are the phenomena which it produces in an atmosphere of which we do not know the nature? We have still many things to learn. The vision of man seems to be stopped up to the present in the atmosphere of Venus. Shall we succeed by perseverance and through specially favorable circumstances in looking at the soil sufficiently and recognizing its formation through gaps in the atmospheric blanket? In any case, this soil does not seem to be as mountainous as we formerly supposed. The peculiarities that were once interpreted as great mountains are due to inequalities of the various cloudy layers which mask the soil.

In the present state of our knowledge it is very difficult to imagine what the landscapes on Venus must be like. All that we can say is that our eyes, if we were transported on this planet, would have difficulty in seeing very much. A sort of perpetual fog must limit the clearness and extent of vision under a sky filled with heavy clouds that the sun can only penetrate with difficulty.

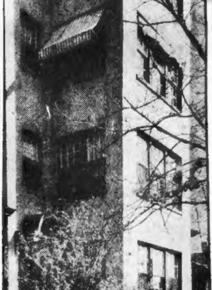
Worse Off With His Reno Divorce Than He Was Without It

Wealthy Mr. Nolde Marries a Waitress Against the Wishes of His Fashionable Family Who Humiliate the Unwelcome Bride and Finally Force a Separation, and to Get Rid of His Wife and Escape Paying Her $8 a Week Mr. Nolde Gets a Reno Divorce Which Pennsylvania Courts Declare Worthless—And Now He Must Pay His Wife $200 a Week

Mrs. Carolyn Nolde as She Looks Today.

Carolyn's Little Beauty Shop in a Furnished Room House, Where She Tried to Earn Her Living.

Judge John E. Walsh, Who Made the Order for a More Liberal Allowance to the Deserted Wife.



Apartment House Where the Deserted *Wife* Now Has a Very Comfortable *Home* Under the More Generous Allowance the Courts Have Awarded Her.

Living Room Opening Out of Mrs. Nolde's Bedroom at Her New Home.

EVERYONE has heard that marriage is a lottery but now divorce is becoming a gamble, too—especially those nice, quick, convenient Reno jobs.

The man who divorces his wife at Reno without her approval and consent seems to be taking much the same risk as one who shoots at a sleeping tigress. Heaven help him if there is any mistake, because the infuriated animal will probably turn and rend him as Mrs. Nolde did to Mr. Nolde who just couldn't let well enough alone.

Most husbands would say that George H. Nolde, of Reading, Pa., was an extraordinarily lucky man. In 16 years, so she testified, he had paid his discarded wife a total of only $788 out of his annual income, which was always ample and recently grew to $32,000 a year.

But the abandoned wife kept bothering him once in a while for a little more and rather than give up any, he tiptoed out to Reno and got himself a nice, clean, quick divorce with no alimony or other strings to it.

And just for that the Pennsylvania courts have ordered Mr. Nolde to pay Mrs. Nolde $200 a week the rest of her life. He can't get out of it either, because it is what Pennsylvania says that counts, not Nevada. That divorce is null and void in every state of the Union except Nevada, and so is every other Reno divorce unless the Reno courts get actual jurisdiction over both parties.

Pained and grieved as George must be at this "April-fool," "cotton apple" divorce they have handed him in Reno it might have been even worse. He might have married again before he left Nevada, which would have been entirely legal and proper as long as he stayed there. But the moment he crossed the line into another State with his new bride, he could have been prosecuted for breaking the Seventh Commandment, and the Mrs. Nolde whom he thought he had divorced would have been able to divorce him, naming the bride as corespondent.

Had he remarried in any other State than Nevada he might have laid himself open to bigamy charges.

Many a man who has "taken the cure" at Reno and thinks he *has* forever rid himself of that *first* matrimonial mortgage, only to *take* on a second one, may be dream*ing* in a fool's paradise from which *that* first wife will some day rudely awaken him. Also there are probably quite a few ladies who are not married to the men they think they are, but are still the wives of some husbands one or two divorces back.

George Nolde, petted and beloved son of a millionaire Pennsylvania hosiery manufacturer, was born into the very top of Reading society. His doting mother began to advise him early, pointing out what a dreadful mistake it would be should he marry someone not in his social set. As so often happens with indulged children, just because that was the one thing he was told not to do, it was the one thing he just had to do.

In 1914, when George was 21 years old, still going to Harvard, he saw a pretty eighteen-year-old waitress in a Reading Hotel and decided he had to have her. Her name was Carolyn, but he called her Carrie. Hitherto, George's method of obtaining anything he wanted was to point it out to his mama who usually bought it for him. Those tactics, he considered, probably would not work this time, in fact his mother would probably shoo this alluring young person away.

Oh well, he would marry the girl first and fix it with his mother afterward. So the good-looking college boy, heir to the hosiery millions, made love to the poor but virtuous waitress—a perfectly good start for a "Cinder*ella*" moving picture plot. Of course, *modest* Carrie could not resist dashing *George*. There was an elopement, a brief honeymoon and then "*Prince* Charming" had to present hi*s* "*Cinderella*" bride to Mama to ob*tain* her blessing and some money.

When the elder Mrs. Nolde heard that her daugh*ter-in*-law was a waitress, instead *of gi*ving her blessing she gave a *scream* and almost fainted. Recovering *herself*, as it was reported at the time, *the* mother drew a lorgnette and *stabb*ed the young woman to the hear*t* (with a look) as she said:

"George, give this woman a thou*sand* dollars and tell her to go away."

But Carrie refused to be scatted out of the family in any such manner. She stood on her rights until finally the not-very-happy pair was assigned to a furnished house belonging to the Nolde estate, where they lived for almost a year.

"George and I would have gotten along fine," she said when the long, sad story was spread before the courts recently, "but our marriage was threatened from the start by the maneuvers of his family. I guess it is inadvisable for anyone to marry out of her social position. I did not realize it then, for George and I were very much in love, but now that I am older I would never go with anyone who does not think of me as an equal.

"George's mother invited him to parties and theatres *and* entertain*ments* of all *kinds* continually. She never asked *me*. The family managed to kee*p him* away from me almost *every* evening. They humiliated me in *every* way and made my life miserable and ruined my health.

"Finally one evening George told me that he was going out. This was no surprise. He suggested that I take myself to the movies. When I came home, I found that he had packed his clothes and deserted me. I went to his family who again displayed their hatred of me by refusing to give me any information of his whereabouts. It was years before I saw him again. I continued to live at the house until May, 1916, when I was ejected by a sheriff at the instance of George's father who held title. This was typical of the way they treated me. I went back to work, this time as a telephone operator, and the citizens of Reading had the pleasure of seeing the wife of a Nolde working for her living."

The Nolde family was getting off miraculously easy. When a rich society boy commits the social error of marrying an actress, a waitress or something like that, somebody has to pay her handsomely to buy out her "nuisance possibilities" to the family.

But when the sheriff threw Carrie out, she meekly stayed out, finding a job and supporting herself as she had before meeting George. Once in a while, when sickness or some other reason made her behind in her boarding house rent, she would demand a few dollars from her husband through lawyers and sometimes got a little something.

Carrie now read *that* Mr. Nolde senior ha*d left* $30,000 to his *son and* she had gotten *a la*wyer to attach it *in hope*s of getting *one-third* of its $1,200 a *year in*come. But the lawyer was old and *slow* and grew older and slower, finally dying of old age, without having gotten her a cent.

Trying to earn a living in a little beauty shop and rarely begging a dollar or two from her husband, she had reasons for believing that he was traveling around the world and spending money at the rate of about $40,000 a year, but this she had been told and believed was all cash presents from his mother. That lady, so Carrie alleged in her suit, also assured her that she wasn't leaving her son any money where a wife could grab part of it. It would be in the hands of some relative who would keep on passing it out as presents.

The mother died, and sure enough the will seemed to contain nothing much for George except the Nolde mansion, where he, nevertheless, continued to live as lavishly as before. However, Carrie's health began to fail, which interfered with her job, so she got a new lawyer to make a real try to get perhaps $400 a year from that $30,000 fund left by George's dad.

George's lawyers must have told him that probably she would win that amount, which was not over eight dollars a week. This or something moved him to action. The courts of Pennsylvania do not grant divorce alimony though they are quite liberal with separate maintenance alimony. All Nolde had to do was get a divorce, and then he could laugh at his wife's demands.

To get it in Pennsylvania he would have to catch his wife in infidelity, but try as his detectives would they could never get anything on Mrs. Nolde. Disgusted with the endless legal delays, George took the matter into his own hands, quietly slipping off to Reno where he said he spent the required time, paid the local lawyer's fees, the court costs and received an impressive looking divorce certificate that looked as authentic as his Harvard diploma.

With this precious thing in his pocket, he returned to Reading. What a great joke it would be when he broke the news to his "ex-wife" that she *really* was an "ex-wife." Finally that *time* came, when he had to interpose a *defence* against paying that $8 a week. *It* was so simple. He just laid the *certific*ate down in court, like playing an ace *of* trumps and that settled everything. *It* proved that she was a divorced wom*an*, with no *claims* on him whatever.

Carrie *fainted* at the news like game that drops at *the* huntsman's bullet. But sometimes *the* game is only stunned and comes to *life* with a disconcerting roar, as *Carrie* did. She wanted to know if she could be divorced without knowing *about* it. Her lawyer told her not to *worry*. She could not and therefore was *not* divorced. There would be a few *more* rounds in court before the final *de*cision.

And there were. The Pennsylvania court demanded to be shown by what authority the Reno court had accepted jursidiction over Mrs. Nolde. Nolde's lawyers showed a document, purporting to be signed by Carrie and voluntarily giving the court that jurisdiction. Carrie and her two handwriting experts said it was a forgery. George and his two experts said it was genuine.

After hours of wrangling Judge Walsh took one look, said the signature in question did not appear at all like the admittedly genuine specimens, declared it looked like a forgery and threw the divorce defense out. He awarded the wife not the mere pittance of $8 a week, but $75 per week.

> *"George's mother invited him to parties and theatres of all kinds continually; she never asked me. Finally one evening George told me he was going out. He suggested that I take myself to the movies. And when I come home I found he had packed his clothes and deserted me."*

It was now George's turn almost to faint with pain and indignation. How could he possibly pay $75 a week, when he himself was only getting about $24? He appealed to a higher court, claiming that as the Nevada court had accepted the document as genuine, the burden of proving it a forgery was on Mrs. Nolde.

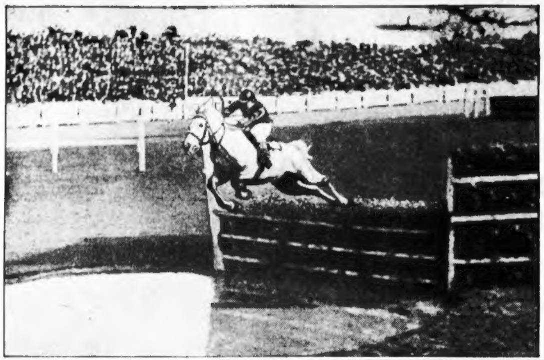
The upper court sustained the lower, and Judge Walsh, instead of reducing his original award of $75, now raised it to $200 a week. The reason was that George had so enraged his wife by the Reno divorce that she had dug around and found that all this time he had been the beneficiary of three trust funds from his mother totalling nearly $900,000, with an income of at least $32,000 a year. So the judge gave her about a third of it. The difference between having to pay $200 a week instead of about $8 is the price Mr. Nolde must pay for that April fool divorce they sold him in Reno.

The question is how did Nolde come to be swindled and who swindled him? That is a secret that has not yet been revealed. Of course the Reno court would not have granted the divorce without that jurisdiction document. The problem was how to obtain that paper.

There are people who specialize in getting men and women to sign things which they would not be expected to in their right mind. Presumably it was one of these gifted persons whom Mrs. Noble says seized her arm one evening as she was leaving an office building in Reading. He told her that she was under arrest for being there after 7 P. M. As the man had no warrant Mrs. Nolde pulled a hatpin and warned *him* to let go. At sight of this unexpected weapon, the man released her arm and said that everything would be all right if she would just sign something in a *little* book he had.

Mrs. Nolde says she refused to sign, and it is quite possible that this signature specialist, *if* that is what he was, may have needed the money so badly that he signed it himself and collected the reward. Certainly neither Nolde nor his lawyers would have done it, because they would only have been playing a joke on themselves. But it shows what can happen from trusting a Reno divorce.

And Nobody Was Hurt



Just a Few Seconds Before the Fall the Jockey and Horse Cleared the Barrier and Headed Over the Water Hazard, While the Spectators Cheered and Expected a Perfect Clearance.

EVERY steeplechase is marked by one or more sensational falls which thrill the spectators and endanger the lives of jockeys and mounts. In some races the turf is strewn with riders and horses who have "come croppers" in their efforts to clear high hurdles and broad water jumps. Such a race was the one in which the remarkable series of pictures on this page was taken by a photographer, working with a slow-motion camera.

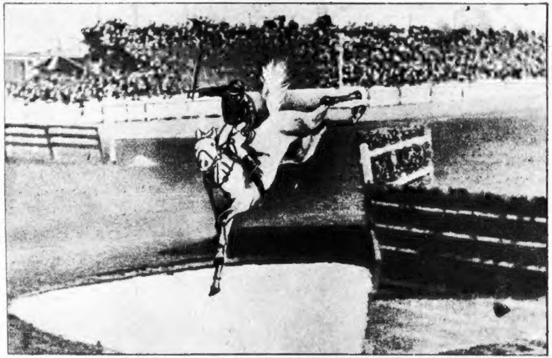
The spectacular fall happened on one of the most dangerous water jumps on the Royal Academy Racing Grounds, in Melbourne, Australia. The photograph at the top of the page shows horse and rider apparently taking the hazard in perfect form. But something was amiss in the take-off, for the horse began to lose his balance in midair—as can be seen in the next picture—and it became evident that the animal and the man in the saddle were due for a bad spill.

In another split second, the jockey was out of the saddle and tumbling over the horse's head, and the mount seemed destined for a broken leg, if not a broken neck.

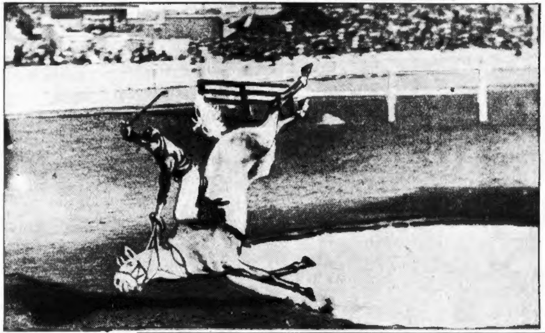
The next "shot" shows the unhappy landing just beyond the pool of water. By good luck and a knowledge, through experience, of how to behave in such emergencies, both the horse and the jockey managed to land with a minimum of neck-breaking danger.

The rider, with remarkable presence of mind, falls to the side of the horse. And the horse, his hindquarters lifted off the ground by his momentum, goes over the man without so much as touching him. From the stands it seemed that the jockey landed beneath the horse and that every bone in his body must have been broken by the combined speed and weight of the body of his mount.

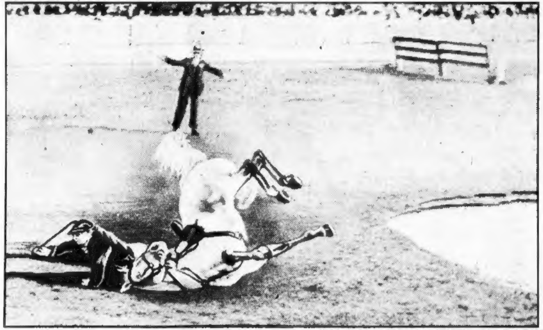
In the bottom picture, the cameraman caught the finale of this exciting drama of sport. The horse, having taken what is called a rolling fall, is back on its feet again and running so that it will not be in the path of the horses behind him. And the prostrate jockey, who has not yet had time to scramble to his feet, is huddling close to the ground, face downward, to minimize the danger of being injured by other horses. Incredible as it seems, neither the horse nor his rider was hurt.



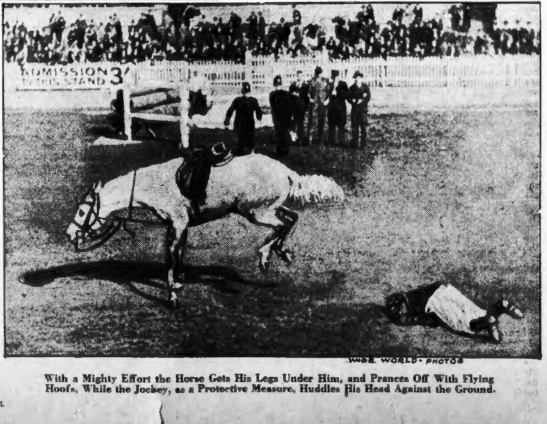
But the Horse Went Off Balance and the Jockey Was Lifted From the Saddle, as He Tugged and Tried to Help the Mount Regain His Equilibrium, But He Failed.



The Photographer With the Help of a Slow-Motion Camera Caught the Stumble as the Jockey Was Thrown Over His Mount's Neck. The Animal Came a Cropper Just at the Edge of the Puddle.



Down to Earth! The Rider Is Dazed as the Horse Rolls, but He Manages to Keep Clear of the Animal's Body as the Bewildered Creature Kicks Wildly Trying to Right Himself.



WIDE WORLD-PHOTOS

With a Mighty Effort the Horse Gets His Legs Under Him, and Prances Off With Flying Hoofs, While the Jockey, as a Protective Measure, Huddles His Head Against the Ground.

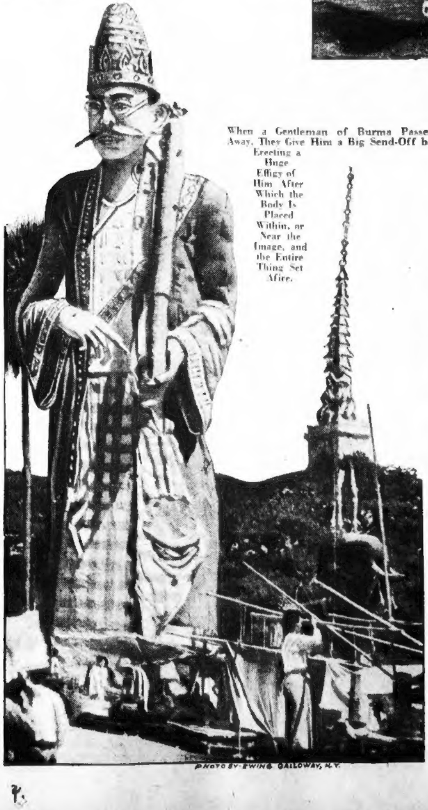
Where Funerals Become Town Celebrations

NOWHERE else in the world are funerals such spectacular occasions as in Burma. When a gentleman of the first rank passes on to whatever reward awaits him beyond the grave, his relatives erect a huge papier mache figure of him, put his remains inside, or near the flimsy statue, and make a pyre of the corpse and the towering likeness of it. The whole community turns out for the event.

The photograph below shows a recent Burmese funeral with workmen putting the finishing touches on a 60-foot effigy of the deceased. The creation is accurate in every detail, including the departed's black mustache, his spectacles and his twin rows of white teeth. It requires several days to build such a funeral pyre because the thing has to be built from a staging of lumber, for it rises as high above the ground as the surrounding palm trees.

Of course, only the rich and powerful citizens of the country rate such a send-off to the Spirit Land because of the amount of money such a funeral costs. But the relatives never complain at the heavy expense because they believe that the heroic, if fragile, figure of the extinct one attracts the favorable attention of whatever gods there be and gives the dead man an auspicious start on his new life.

Effigy building is something of a profession in Burma and a flourishing business is enjoyed by expert workmen, who can put up such monster likenesses of defunct humans quickly and with reasonable economy.



When a Gentleman of Burma Passes Away, They Give Him a Big Send-Off by Erecting a Huge Effigy of Him After Which the Body Is Placed Within, or Near the Image, and the Entire Thing Set Afire.

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY, N.Y.

Beauty Who Defied the Dictator

CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO

Signorina Madga Cella, Who Won the Beauty Prize Offered by an Italian Newspaper, Despite the Views of Mussolini, Who Dislikes Such Competitions.

PREMIER MUSSOLINI, who frowns so impressively, frowns on beauty contests of all kinds. It is his outspoken conviction that the parading and honoring of good looks is a waste of time and a display of personal vanity that contributes little to the progress of his "New Italy." He has not, as yet, gone so far as to issue an autocratic edict that pageants of pulchritude must not be held, but his prejudice against such affairs has almost discouraged the popular custom.

Because of the dictator's antipathy, it was not easy for the Corriere Della Aera, one of the country's leading newspapers, to interest entrants when it boldly announced that it had decided to sponsor a contest to find and acclaim the Italian girl with the most beautiful profile. Only a few good-looking and ambitious young women sent in their photographs and their names.

Mostly they were girls who harbor the "radical" notion that Mussolini is going altogether too far in his determination to regulate the dress and conduct of his feminine constituents. Chief among these regulations are the ban on smoking in public, the deploring of stockingless legs and the suggestion that it is the duty of all Italian women to marry young and devote a goodly portion of their time and strength to the rearing of more citizens for an up-and-coming nation.

Perhaps the most defiant of the beauty contest entrants—and, in the opinion of the judges, the most charmingly profiled of the lot—is Signorina Magda Cella, who was presented with a shining silver cup and a certificate attesting that she is blessed with the finest feminine profile in all Italy.

The title, of course, lacks anything approaching official backing and there are plenty of artists and sculptors who discount the appraisal of the judges because so few girls had the desire or the courage to go into the contest and because the entrants did not represent the whole country.

Signorina Cella is proud of her victory, however, and she probably will appear on the stage, even in Rome, as the "Girl with the Perfect Profile."

Country Buys Butterflies

THE German Government is in the market for all the cabbage butterflies that it can get, because a group of Bavarian chemists have a hunch that something of importance can be learned by a painstaking [illegible] of the color pigment, if any, in the creatures' wings.

Some of the most beautiful butterflies, apparently, have no actual color material in their bright wings. The effect of color is produced by the interference of light in the delicate membranes of the wings. Other butterflies have actual natural dyestuff in their wings, much like the dyes used to color cloth.

Laboratory experiments on a few cabbage butterflies indicate that there is real color in their wings, but so few of the insects have been rounded up that the experiments have produced no useful information. The chemists want a sufficient number of cabbage butterfly wings to yield half a pound of pure pigment, if indeed the pigment is there to be analyzed, like the red coloring matter in the blood of human beings and of the lower animals.

It is likely that the whim of the scientists will make butterfly chasers of several hundred German citizens, because at least 200,000 of the insects will be needed to carry out the experiment.

If Nature Had Built Us Like This—

Curious Photographic Distortions Illustrate What Might Have Been Done in the Architecture of Mankind, Some of Which Would Have Been of Great Advantage While Others Would Have Been Misfortunes

If Peggy Joyce Could Emphasize Her "Come Hither" Charms by Such a Natural Endowment as This—Would She Have Accumulated More and Richer Husbands?

To Estimate All the Advantages or Disadvantages to a Show Girl of a Pair of Limbs Like These Would Require Considerable Scientific Research.

What a Wonderful Thing for a Husband to Look Forward To as He Comes Home From His Day's Toil—To Be Folded in Arms Like These!

While "Big Feet" Are Not Regarded as an Esthetic Advantage, Yet If Nature Had Built Man's Foundation on This Scale He Would Escape Many of the Common Ailments of the Lower Extremities of the Body.

If Nature Had Constructed Rudy Vallee's Well-known Features on a Considerably Different Scale of Proportions, Would It Have Increased or Lessened the Wide Popularity Which He Has Earned by His Voice?

If the President of the United States Had Been Endowed With a Dome Like This, Would It Have Probably Indicated a Super-Brain Which Could Satisfactorily Solve All the Perplexing Problems Which Face the Chief Executive of the Greatest Nation in the World?

Nature Might Have Decided to Construct the Feminine Arm Like This and There Would Have Been Some Advantages.

WHY did Nature decide that about five feet and a few inches was the right height for mankind to grow—some persons are nearly eight feet tall; why should we not all be eight feet or even more in height?

Our legs are about half the height of us. Why couldn't Nature have designed the human figure so that the legs would be six or seven feet long and thus enable human beings to walk with enormous strides, like a person on stilts?

Children have to learn to walk because their feet, which form their foundation, are so small as compared with their height. Would it not have been better if man had been constructed with much larger feet, such as those shown in the photograph on this page?

If Peggy Joyce had been endowed by Nature with a longer stretch of neck would she have had greater charm and fascination and have acquired more and richer husbands than she has accomplished?

Every reader of this page is perfectly familiar with the well known features of the great radio crooner, Rudy Vallee. Would he have had greater success if Nature had constructed his face and features on the plan shown in the photograph on this page?

Science has considered the architectural dimensions of the human form and understands why Nature built on the model which still prevails. Some of the human architecture, in fact, is extraordinarily well balanced and well conceived. The body and muscular structure of the foot, for example, is a remarkable piece of engineering. The same is true of the way in which the fibers inside the long bone of the thigh are stretched and placed to take up the strain of the weighty body which these bones must support. The heart, lungs and blood system constitute another item of human anatomy for which science has nothing but praise. Still another remarkably successful set of contrivances includes those by which Nature oils the joints; something, indeed, which no existing piece of man-made machinery can do as well.

Yet not all of the body is so well constructed. There really are items, even if not the particular ones illustrated on this page, which science thinks might be improved had Nature taken another tack or been free from some of the conditions and handicaps which surrounded actual evolution.

Consider, for example, the bird-like neck of Peggy Joyce in the corner of this page. Birds find it advantageous, it may be assumed, to be able to turn their heads in any direction; even completely around so that they can look backward or gaze down the middle of their own backs. Lack of necessity for mirrors to dress their feathers is only one item. The real advantage is ability to see quickly any sudden source of danger, such as a stronger bird of prey swooping down from the air.

Yet there might be trouble, too, about having such long necks as the decorative Peggy shows in this distorted illustration. There would be more neck to get sore in case of an attack of laryngitis and, what is far more important scientifically, there might have been enormous difficulty in getting enough blood through such a long and flexible neck up to the brain inside the skull on the end of it. It is not necessarily true that animals with long, thin necks have the worst brains, yet undoubtedly there is a tendency in that direction. Man, with the best brain in animal creation, tends to have a short, thick neck. The gorilla, which probably has the next best brain, has a neck even shorter and thicker than man's. The same is true of the other intelligent apes. The elephant, an animal which many experts believe to come next to man and the apes in mental ability, has one of the most negligible necks in creation.

Especially long-necked animals, on the other hand, such as the giraffe or the swan or other long-necked birds, usually are not noted for high intelligence. A good brain needs plenty of blood. Plenty of blood is favored by short, thick arteries instead of long, thin ones. Naturally the arteries in a short, thick neck are likely to be short and thick also. As usual, Nature probably was confronted, when designing man, by a necessity of compromise. Considerations of quick sight and ability to perceive enemies in time dictated a long, thin, flexible neck like Peggy's in the picture. Consideration of good brain power, on the other hand, dictated a shorter and thicker neck, such as man's actually is. A girl with a flexible neck might see more husbands before they got away from her but might lack the brain to catch and hold them as well as her shorter-necked sisters.

The same necessity for compromise between several things, all of which are desirable but each of which requires a different kind of body shape, applies to the lady with such exceptionally long legs. These undoubtedly would be handy in running, and there was a time, science does not forget, when ability to run fast was a very valuable accomplishment of the human race, male and female alike. Yet there would be compensating difficulties. Too long and too slender legs would mean excessively long and slender muscles and tendons. Each muscle is composed of millions of tiny fibers bunched together and each fiber supplied with its individual nerve communicating with the nerve centers in which the control of muscles resides. Too much length and slenderness would mean, undoubtedly, that the muscles would not work so well, would not be so responsive to nervous control and would wear out sooner than the shorter and thicker muscles with which man's relatively short legs actually are provided.

There might be trouble, too, about the bones; these articles in the legs being about as thick now as comfort and convenience dictate. If the legs were much longer the bones in them would have to be thicker and heavier instead of thinner, this being so because the bones of the lengthened legs would have to stand still greater sidewise forces as the body bent over sidewise or landed after drops or leaps.

Much the same objections might apply to the enormous lengthening of the arms of another lady illustrated on this page. These appendages would be useful for hanging pictures or for picking fruit or in an office for reaching files stored away on the top shelf of the storeroom. They might have been useful to mankind, too, for climbing about in the trees during the tree-dwelling part of man's early history. There still are some apes and monkeys, in fact, which have precisely this kind of long arms, presumably for this reason.

Yet, as usual, that is not all of the story. Tree climbing, while it once was necessary to man's ancestors and has left many traces on the present human body, was not the only thing that Nature had to prepare mankind to do. A long and over-slender arm, it has been pointed out by the great British anatomist, Sir Arthur Keith, is admirable as a tree hanger, but almost useless for picking things up and holding them. The virtue which mankind calls dexterity and prizes so highly because it is the source and necessity of the invention and use of tools, depends on a relatively short arm, so that the fingers may be better controlled and the whole arm capable of more precise movement. Again, the present lengths of human arms as compared with the size of the rest of the body probably are about the best compromises which Nature could make to satisfy the opposing requirements.

Another item of human anatomy which engineers approve highly is related to this. It is the structure of the wrist and, in some degree, of the ankle. These wrist and ankle joints are capable of being turned easily from side to side and of being rotated, but also of being fixed firmly in position when necessary. An example of this is the fixation of the ankle when one walks. When this fails the ankle "turns" and one falls down.

Such a joint, capable when necessary, is still among the things which machine designers have not been able to invent. The nearest approach to it is the ball and socket joint with a screw and nut to fix it by tightening, but this method of fixation is slower and more awkward than Nature's wrist and ankle method of fixing the joints by tightening a lot of little muscles attached to each of the many small bones of which these joints are composed.

Perhaps the best case of all for the changes in humanity advocated by the photographers on this page could be made for big feet. It undoubtedly is true that an enormous amount of trouble is made for the human race by its inability to stand up straight when let alone. This is why it is so much more tiring to stand still like a soldier on parade than it is to walk. In standing, hundreds of little muscles in the legs and feet, up and down the back and in the neck, are busy all the time maintaining the balance of the body on its two small and inadequate feet, like a juggler who is balancing a pail of water, a pile of plates, an assistant and a lighted lamp on top of a long thin pole. One instant of relaxation by these muscles and the standing individual falls instantly in a heap.

It literally is true that the muscles of a standing individual get not an instant's rest, while those of a walking individual can rest between steps. It is easier to balance a walking man than a standing one, just as it is easier to balance on a bicycle when it is moving than when it is standing still.

Feet twenty or thirty inches broad and long in proportion would avoid all this trouble, and would make human beings self balancing, but again there is more to the story. Such feet would be heavy. They would catch the branches as their possessor climbed trees, and tree climbing always has been one of man's necessities. The ideal foot would be an expansible one; able to spread out wide when necessary or to contract to a hand-like organ when that was best, much as a motorist lets out some air and makes his tires flatter to go through mud or sand but pumps them up and makes them ride higher on the road when he wants speed on a well paved highway. The human foot is another compromise; perhaps not the best for tree life and certainly not the best for standing up on the pavement, but reasonably good for both tasks and not impossible for either.

Rudy Vallee's long face is another item that might be fine—for Rudy's particular business. Such a long face and neck would give their possessor large air passages both inside the head and in the part of the throat above the vocal cords. The voice might be more like Rudy's beloved saxophone or even more like a tuba or a trombone, instead of the higher and thinner tones which human beings actually produce. Lengthening out the throat sufficiently might make a man or even a woman able to sing like a bass viol or a bass drum.

Yet this is not the only thing that the face is for. There would be too much space, perhaps, for the proper working of the teeth. The head presumably would be top-heavy and would create still more trouble in the already difficult matter of keeping the body balanced erect; something that would be more serious still if everyone's head were lengthened out on top like the distorted photograph of President Hoover.

Such enlargement of the head, upward or in some other direction, is one of the things which some scientists have predicted as the future fate of humanity, in order to provide for the larger brain supposed some day to be necessary. Perhaps so, but other scientists are sceptical. Professor Frederick Tilney, of New York City, has pointed out, for example, that not much more than a tenth of the average brain ever is used. There is plenty of gray matter and plenty of thinking cells for anything that mankind is likely to need for many milleniums.

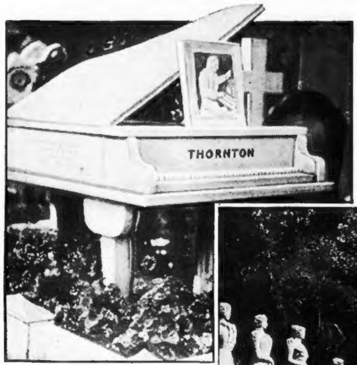
One of the organs of the body, marvelous as it is, which engineers would be most likely to criticize is this same brain. Although it possesses two more or less complete nervous systems, presumably so that a partial breakdown of one of them will not altogether cripple the body, even these are not enough. The nervous connections do break down frequently and their liability to do so seems to be one reason for the development of the other complicated control system consisting of the glands. The brain is to be complimented, the engineers agree, on its remarkable system of interconnection by which more than twelve billions of thinking cells in the gray matter seem to be capable of connection with each other much more promptly and efficiently than any human telephone system can connect a thousandth of this many subscribers. Yet the brain, too, has faults; one of which is that it is in the wrong place.

The proper place for this enormously important master organ of the body, it has been suggested, is in the chest, where it would have more room to grow and would be better protected. The ancient physicians used to believe that the seat of thoughts and emotions was in the chest and associated with the heart, which is why one still uses words such as "hearty" or "heartsick." Perhaps the only reason why the brain is not actually in the chest is that it began at the front end of the animals that led to man and has stayed at that end of the body ever since.

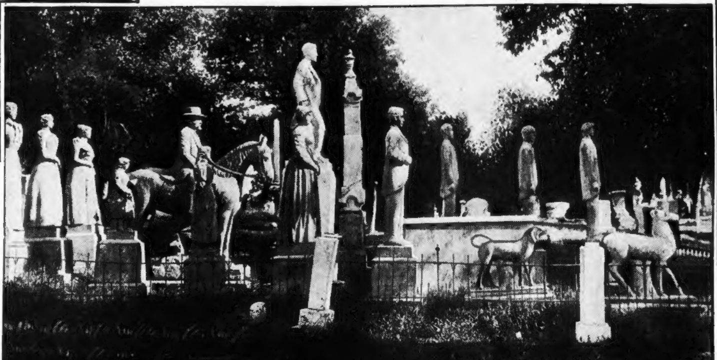
Were the brain actually in the chest, a long and roomy body like that of the elongated lady on this page might have been a necessity, but this, too, would have disadvantages. Another complaint of the scientists against the human body is the extreme and entirely useless length of the digestive system; something believed to be a needless inheritance from bark-eating and fruit-eating animals to whom such a magnified digestive system was a necessity. Were everybody's body lengthened out like that of the young lady in the photograph there would be nothing inside to fill it. Presumably the digestive organs would lengthen out correspondingly, although they already are too long.

To Make Our Cemeteries Brighter, More Cheerful

Distinguished British Sociologist Points Out That Our Fear of Death Is Partly Due to the Atmosphere of Gloom, Sorrow and Decay Which Haunts the Average Graveyard and He Suggests Sweeping Away the Incongruous Collection of Gravestones and Monuments and Making Them Over Into Parks and Playgrounds Which Nobody Would Be Afraid to Pass Through in the Night Time



The Marble Piano in Highgate Cemetery, England, Erected as a Memorial to A. J. Thornton, a Pianist, Who Died at the Age of 35.



H. G. Wooldridge, of Mayfield, Kentucky, Had These Sculptures of His Ancestors and Members of His Family and the Family Pets Made to Form What Is Undoubtedly the Strangest Memorial in America. The Group Stands in Maplewood Cemetery in Mayfield. The Statues Are of Himself, His Three Sisters, Two Nieces, His Father, Four Brothers, Dogs and a Deer.

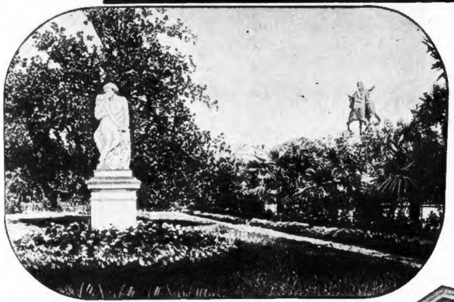
The Imposing Marble Monument Which Antoine, the Celebrated French Barber, Has Had Built for Himself on His Estate at Longjumeau, France.

LONDON, Nov. 11.

SIR ARNOLD WILSON, distinguished British sociologist, urges the Christian world to change its cemeteries from terrifying and often unsightly places, inhabited only by the dead, into pleasant parks, where children will play in the daytime and nobody will fear to walk through at night.

Sir Arnold would reform all the ceremonies connected with death, eliminating the spectacular and unpleasant features which have survived from the dark ages when it was thought necessary to keep everybody in perpetual terror of the grave and the hereafter.

First, Sir Arnold would abolish the depressing black crepe on the door and the even more dreadful professional manners of the undertakers who arrive wearing black clothes and long faces and speak in whispers, as if Death might overhear and strike someone else down.



The Sort of Simple, Picturesque, Park-like Effect Which Professor Wilson Suggests for Cemeteries of the Future, Where There Should Be Peace and Quiet and an Occasional Monument to a Person Whose Life Was an Inspiration, But Not Marred by the Unsightly Jumble of ,Little and Big Monuments, Mostly Inartistic and in Bad Taste.

The long ostentatious funeral procession with its black hearse in front, blocking traffic and advertising to everyone the depressing thought that they or someone dear may be next, should be abolished. The receiving vault in the cemetery, a damp, windowless, dark chamber is as shocking to the feelings of the mourners as it well could be. Sir Arnold sees no reason why it should not be as light, clean and at least as pleasant as the receiving room of a hospital. Undertakers, he thinks, might, without disrespect to the dead, be as cheerful in manner and in uniform as nurses.

Death is a sad event, but so is entering a hospital for a major operation. Yet the hospital staff, instead of capitalizing that fact, tries to make all concerned as comfortable and cheerful as possible. So well might the church and the undertaker, thinks Sir Arnold.

Probably nobody has failed to miss the incongruous appearance presented by even the newest and best kept graveyards. Whether all men are created equal or not, they certainly become so as soon as they die. Whether they lie in a pauper's grave or an emperor's mausoleum, they hold no property or power. In spite of this, one man has a tall obelisk of polished granite, towering over a plot of immaculate lawn, endowed with perpetual care, while his neighbor's remains are marked only by a small marble slab which has fallen down and lies weather-beaten and neglected in a tangle of unmowed grass.

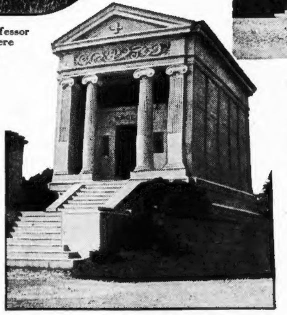
Yet the most imposing monument in the cemetery may call attention not to the town's most important and lamented citizen but to some quite unimportant person who happened to marry a rich woman who had the grandest house, the grandest parties in the community and therefore gave her husband the grandest funeral and the grandest monument.

There is perhaps no finer or more unselfish emotion than the desire to show respect to a loved one who has just died and nothing could be more cruel than the suggestion common at the time of death that the way to prove it is by the expense of the funeral and the grandeur of the tombstone.

As if to expose the absurdity of measuring one's grief by his checkbook, the most extravagant American funerals of recent times have been those of gangsters, cold-blooded murderers, whose death should have been occasions not for grief but for public rejoicing. Yet these public enemies were planted in $20,000 metal caskets with solid gold and silver mountings and followed to the grave by high public officials, presumably mourning because the dead gangster would no longer pay them graft to keep out of prison.

On Sundays and anniversaries of deaths come faithful relatives to place wreaths and cut flowers beside the grave. On their way their eyes are affronted by the sight of withered and decaying ones on other graves, just as theirs will look the following Sabbath. Some of the large and enduring monuments and most ambitious sculpture is in good taste, much is not.

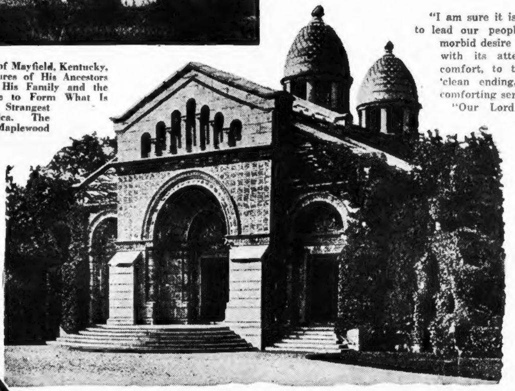
To do away with all such unsightliness, Sir Arnold would put a stop to all flowers and wreaths and confine the grave markers to wood or some other perishable substance, with the understanding that it was to be removed in a year or less, leaving an unbroken surface to be landscaped with greensward, walks or shrubbery. If this were the fate of all, nobody would feel injured and this preposterous "rivalry of the dead" would cease. A heart-broken widow would not feel that she had shown indifference unless her husband had a bigger and better monument than the widow next door put up. No private citizen would be able to attempt to disturb the "democracy of the dead."



The Huge Tomb of the Late Senator William A. Clark, in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

But some people by their deeds become immortal. When there is buried some really great personage, worthy of a permanent memorial, this should be decided as well as the size and type of memorial, not by the purse of the heirs, but by public opinion and public subscription. For instance, a statue of Lillian Russell, at the height of her beauty, done by a first-class sculptor, representing the famous woman in the costume of her favorite role would forever beautify one of the funeral parks. A genuine portrait statue of the fine features of the late Thomas A. Edison would be a permanent inspiration for generations of children. Such monuments, instead of chilling the intellects of boys and girls with superstitious thoughts of ghosts and a useless terror of something they cannot hope to avoid, would stimulate them to do something worthwhile with their lives.

Antoine, the most famous barber in Paris, has spent a huge amount for a monument. A photograph of the heroic sized piece of sculpture in marble which decorates his future grave is shown on this page. Mr. Wooldridge, of Mayfield, Kentucky, has had memorial sculptures made of his family and even the household pets, while an effigy of Wooldridge himself sits astride of a marble horse. A few such persons as Mr. Wooldridge, with the money and inclination, could fill a whole cemetery with such monstrosities. But the achievements of Antoine, the barber, and the Kentucky millionaire are no more ostentatious than the great Vanderbilt mausoleum on Staten Island, or the tomb of the late Senator Clark, the copper magnate. They are monuments to the vanity of the men whose fame would be likely to soon disappear without these artificial signboards which are in bad taste and clutter the landscape.



Ostentatious and Enormously Expensive Great Vanderbilt Mausoleum in New Dorp, Staten Island. This Is a Monument to the Vanity of the Rich Man Who Might Well Have Spent His Money More Worthily.

Burial of the body in the earth, according to the ideas of Sir Arnold and many others, is wrong for many reasons. The processes of dissolution under a collapsing wooden coffin are not pleasant to think of, they are not necessary and there is little to justify them except custom. On the other hand Sir Arnold sees no sense in the expensive process of embalming and attempting to preserve the remains indefinitely in an airtight metal casket, because the world no longer believes, as did the Pharaohs who first spread the idea, that such artificial practices make resurrection or entrance to the next world easier.

Cremation, the substitute he offers, completes the process of disintegration in an hour instead of years and leaves only a few handfuls of clean, sanitary ashes instead of the scattered bones which some day are certain to be gathered up and reburied with others in a heap when the graveyard is converted to other purposes.

One objection to cremation is expense, which Sir Arnold considers excessive today. With a small percent of the money lost in taxes because most cemeteries like other church property are nontaxable, the municipalities could maintain public crematoria where the poor could have their services free. If others were charged reasonable rates they would be self-supporting.

Sir Arnold respects the sentimental objections which many persons hold against having a body burned, but he believes that these will disappear as soon as people realize that they are not well founded. There have been similar protests against all sorts of innovations from bathtubs to railroads. The pagan world, especially the Greeks, understood that fire was the most desirable method of taking care of the dead, and the early Christians, believing that everything pagan was wrong, reversed this custom along with most all the others, good or bad.

Many good people, therefore, still think that there are substantial religious grounds for not giving the remains of a loved one to the flames. If one goes back to the fountain head of the Christian faith, he will find that this is not so. Rev. David T. Sykes, vicar of St. Catherine's Church, Hatcham, England, said on this subject:

"I am sure it is our duty as clergy to lead our people away from the morbid desire for a 'coffin burial,' with its attendant mental discomfort, to the possibility of a 'clean ending,' with an equally comforting service.

"Our Lord Himself knew it (and pointed it out) as an undesirable state. Did he not refer to the 'Whited Sepulchres' as inward rottenness. I know the obvious retort is that our Lord Himself had the equivalent of an earth burial, and that we should hesitate before we adopt any other method of disposal than His own. But, in any case, Our Lord was only three days in the tomb—and whatever the manner of His burial we surely would never suggest that the Incarnate God would not rise from ashes equally as from dust."

"The fear of death," says Sir Arnold, "is one of the ugly things we want to banish from life. 'Men fear death,' said Lord Chancellor Bacon in his essay, 'as children fear the dark.' We want to remove as far as we may all dark associations from death. There is perhaps no single change in public sentiment which would do more to add to general happiness than to change the individual attitude toward death, and those who control cemeteries have it in their power to do in this respect far more perhaps than they believe.

"A cemetery should not be a place of gloom, of decay and sorrow but, like many parish churchyards, of brightness combined with a feeling of rest. Let them be designed as little like cemeteries as possible and as much like a park. Let those who buy a grave feel they are buying a bit of land which will forever be part of the public park and pleasure ground where future generations may take their ease."

The Pharaohs realized that their expensive funeral chambers were an invitation to robbers and they tried, usually in vain, to hide the entrances under tons of rock and soil.

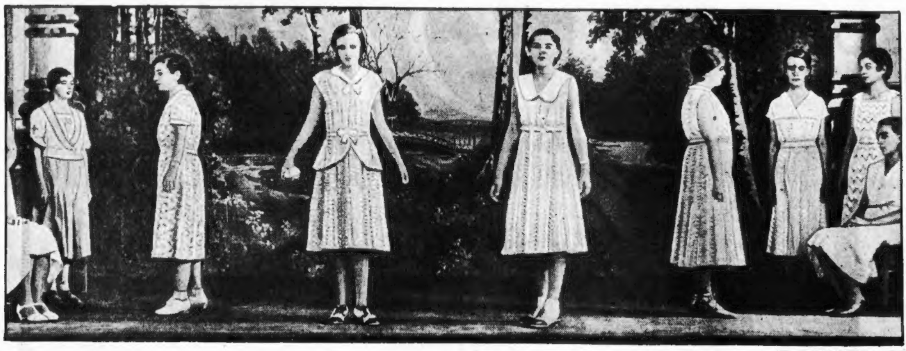
Until a few centuries ago all but the more vainglorious considered a simple mound of earth, with no stone at all, sufficient. They felt, in the words of Horace:

"I want no monument. Let Nature take care of my remains."

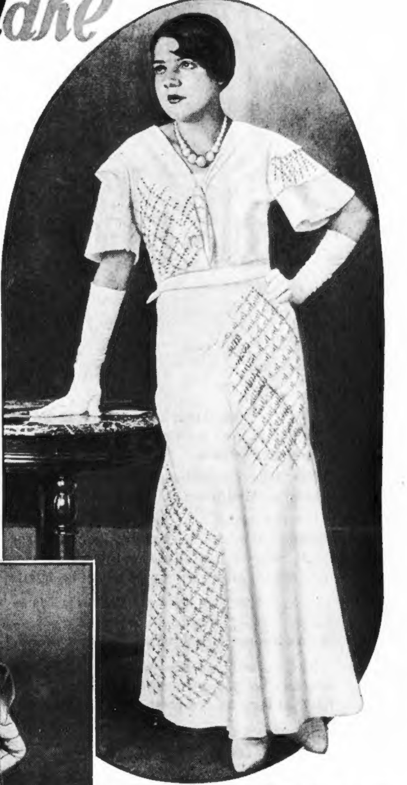
"A century and a half ago, in England," says Sir Arnold, "an epidemic of body-snatching caused the rich to surround their coffins with great masses of masonry. That danger has long passed but the senseless style still persists among some of the wealthy."

Dresses that Cost Only 35 cents to Make

Spain Begins a New Kind of Contest in Taste and Economy, and the United States Bureau of Agriculture Also Takes a Hand in Teaching Girls How to Clothe Themselves at What Seems Almost Incredibly Small Expense

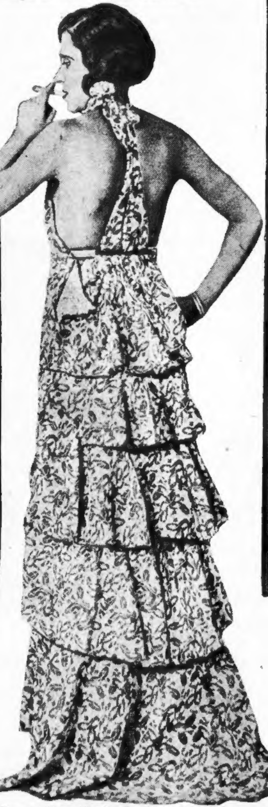


Four Dresses Made for 35 Cents Each by American Girls Under Instruction by the Cooperative Extension Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

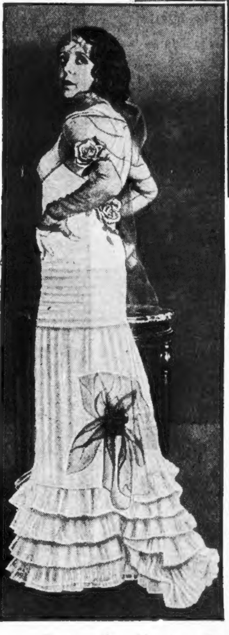


Senorita Maruja Alonso, Winner of the First Prize in the Spanish 4-Peseta (35 Cents) Dress Contest. She Is Wearing the Home-made, Hand-painted Gown Which Cost Her Only 24 Cents to Make.

One of the Spanish Dresses That Almost Won a Prize.



Senorita Petra Martin, the Third-Prize Winner, and the Costume She Made for 32 Cents.



Senorita Alma Monray in Her Second-Prize Outfit, Which Is Made of White Percale and Cost 35 Cents.

Another Dress That Won Honorable Mention at the Spanish Contest; Made of a Kind of Mercerized Cotton.

A CONTEST much more practical than those which exploit girls for their beauty has just ended in Madrid, Spain. The Spanish magazine "Estampa" offered prizes to those who could make the most attractive dresses and spend no more than four pesetas in doing so.

At the present rate of exchange between the United States and Spain, four pesetas would be about thirty-five cents in American money. The value of work and time in making the dresses was not counted, only the cost of materials being considered. It was to be a contest in taste, ingenuity and economy.

The winner of the first prize, Senorita Maruja Alonso, spent only twenty-four cents to make her dress. It consisted of four and a half yards of batiste at four and a half cents a yard—total twenty and a quarter cents; twenty yards of sewing cotton at half a cent; three fasteners at half a cent and a small quantity of red and blue water colors with which she painted a tasteful design upon the gown and whose cost was estimated by the judges as the equivalent of two and three-quarter cents. A total of twenty-four cents.

A photograph of Senorita Alonso in her successful gown is printed on this page. Any gentleman who would like to offer Senorita Maruja his heart and hand is warned in advance that to be successful he must make himself a suit of clothes for thirty-five cents and walk down the Broadway of Madrid in it. The senorita firmly believes that what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander, and after she was awarded the first prize she said:

"Now that you men have made us demonstrate our economy virtues, we are going to make you reciprocate. I, at least, will not pay any attention to any young man until he demonstrates that with four pesetas worth of cloth on his body he can go decorously through the streets of Madrid."

So it is probable that the contest will be repeated for gentlemen.

It took the senorita two days to complete the dress, and one night to paint it.

The dress that won the second prize was made by the Senorita Alma Monray. It is thus described in the official report of the judges:

"Seen at a short distance it looks like a dress worth many thousands of pesetas. It is perfectly made, very elegant. White percale with a scarf of black tulle and some red flowers; some bits of the same tulle complete the ensemble."

Senorita Alma spent the whole four pesetas in its making.

The third prize was awarded the dress of Senorita Petra Martin. It was of black and white figured muslin. Muslin is more expensive than batiste, so Senorita Petra disposed of most of the back, supporting the gown by two strips which formed a bow at the neck. The skirt was made with many ruffles and a train. It cost 32 cents.

The first prize was a beautiful Spanish shawl worth 1,000 pesetas.

The second prize was 500 pesetas in cash, and the third 250 pesetas.

A thousand pesetas is only $80 in American money, five hundred pesetas is approximately $40, and two hundred and fifty pesetas is $20.

If these prizes seem small, it must be remembered that a dollar's worth of pesetas in the Spanish republic will buy more than four times as much as a dollar in this country. Also, the contest was aimed directly at working girls, such as stenographers, clerks, dressmakers' assistants and the like. These girls get about one hundred and fifty pesetas a month. That's around $20. On this, however, they live as well as an American girl earning $25 a week—somewhat better, in fact. Most of these working girls live at home, but if, like many young American women, they have apartments of their own they can get comfortable four-room layouts in Madrid or Seville for seventy-five pesetas a month. That's about $6, and these two cities are the most expensive in Spain to live in. Similar apartments in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco and the like would cost from $45 to $60 a month.

Dress materials and accessories are correspondingly cheaper.

Men can buy made-to-measure suits, which would cost from $50 to $75 in this country, for about $15. Good business suits are sold at $8 and $10. Shoes, comparable to a $7 or $8 shoe in the United States, are sold at $1.50 to $2 a pair. For $6, the best hand-made shoes, built to the individual foot, can be had. The well-dressed Spaniard needs to pay no more than 80 cents for an excellent quality felt hat.

A room in a good hotel costs about 60 cents a day. The same room, with three well-cooked, well-served meals, costs $1.50. A suite of luxurious rooms in Madrid's counterpart of the United States' most expensive hotels and three fine meals, with wine, sets the customer back only $7.50 a day. A first-class dinner, with wine, costs not over 50 cents. And, incidentally, palatable and potent table wine is available to the native and the tourist at from 2 cents to 5 cents the bottle.

In the light of these interesting statistics, the minor miracle of 32-cent dresses is not so much of a miracle, after all.

The announcement of the contest in "Estampa" said, in part:

"Stenographers and dressmakers, ironers or manikins, tailors, clerks, embroiderers, shirt-makers, office workers, bookkeepers!

"Listen!

"It is known that you dress well; it is known that your elegance is obtained with an effort much more estimable than that of selecting costly models created and made by another's hands.

"And when we recreate you in our minds in those dresses which you wear with so much grace, we would admire you twice as much if we could think of the relatively small price which you have spent on them, and more of us could remember that they were made by your own hands.

"Any young lady may take part in the great four-peseta dress contest.

"On the night of the contest, each contestant will wear the dress she makes, the cost of which cannot exceed the sum of four pesetas, in a public parade.

"The dresses must be made of cloth.

"The aesthetic merits of each dress (combinations of colors, originality and modernity of the fashion, perfection of the cut, etc.) will naturally be taken into account in the awarding of the prizes, but the economy merits will also be considered; that is, that the least expensive dress will be preferred, if it has all the equivalent aesthetic value."

It is significant that the affair attracted more attention than any of the beauty contests previously held. Out of some five thousand girls who made the dresses, two hundred were selected to parade before the judges. The Gardens de Jerte, where the show was held, were packed by 1800 spectators and twice as many more outside to hear the verdict. Men seemed to be even more interested than women, at any rate there were about twice as many men looking on, so the Spanish papers reported. Perhaps it was the depression that stimulated their interest.

But dresses ranging from 35 cents to 60 cents are being made in the United States. The Co-operative Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture, which teaches women how to make economically many kinds of things, is now carrying on a campaign of education in dress-making economy in many rural communities. Their dresses are not as elaborate as the Spanish ones, nor, because of the difference in prices, is there as much choice in the kinds of material used.

The 35 cent dresses of the Extension Service are largely simple "slip ons," sometimes with collar and sometimes without. They have no buttons, nor tapes nor hooks-and-eyes. They are made with only two materials, fabrics and thread. The fabric for the 35 cent dress is cotton—gingham, percale or "outing flannel;" the last of these for warmth. Here the small woman is more fortunate than the large. If she needs only three and a half yards of goods for her dress, she can afford to pay almost ten cents a yard for it. If she needs five yards to cover her, she must select goods not costing more than seven cents. The cost of the thread used is rarely over a penny. Cotton thread and silk thread come in different grades. The cheapest spool of cotton thread is five cents, and of silk ten cents. The average spool of cotton is 125 yards long; the average silk is 50 yards.

Obviously, even in Spain, dresses of silk and velvet cannot be made for 35 cents, and the use of ruffles, puffs and other embellishments is limited. Explaining why things are so much cheaper there, Senor Joaquin Sunye, general secretary of the Official Spanish Chamber of Commerce in New York, said:

"There are few middlemen in the Spanish economic system. This means that the price paid producers is relatively higher than in America and that the costs to consumers are, naturally, lower."

But A. H. McAllister, chairman of the Piece Goods and Domestic Groups of the National Retail Drygoods Association, doesn't think that the United States will ever be a successful competitor of Spain in any such matter as 35-cent dresses.

Thirty days ago, he says, it might have been possible for a woman to pick up pieces of the four materials mentioned for as low as 10 cents a yard. At that time, merchandisers were closing out their Summer stock at generally cut-throat and below cost prices. Today, however, conditions in the merchandise market have improved and "disposal sales" are over.

"A woman today," said Mr. McAllister, "might be able to pick up a few yards of percale for as low as twelve cents a yard, retail. Certainly no lower, although damaged or otherwise inferior goods could probably be had for less. Gingham, outing flannel and batiste could not be found in a reputable retail store for less than fourteen or fifteen cents a yard.

"About the least amount of material a dress can be made of is three yards. Four yards is the average. Thread for one dress would amount to 2½ cents, and if snaps were used they would cost about 2 cents.

"It is highly unlikely, therefore, that any dress using four yards of these materials could be made for less than 60 cents. And as prosperity advances, so undoubtedly will prices. The possibility of a 35-cent dress in the United States will become less and less."

5 cups a day *is not too much!* ... if the coffee is *DATED*

We Americans are great coffee lovers! And today—we can drink more of it than ever before.

New scientific findings have banished that ancient superstition about "too much" coffee.

It's the rancid oil in *stale* coffee that's harmful. Harmful to the digestion. A frequent cause of the headaches, sleeplessness, indigestion, often attributed to coffee itself.

NOW WE KNOW THAT *as many as 5 cups a day of fresh coffee is not too much!—just the amount a real coffee lover likes to drink.*

The normal healthy adult has a "coffee tolerance" of 5 cups a day—drinks it healthfully, so long as it's fresh.

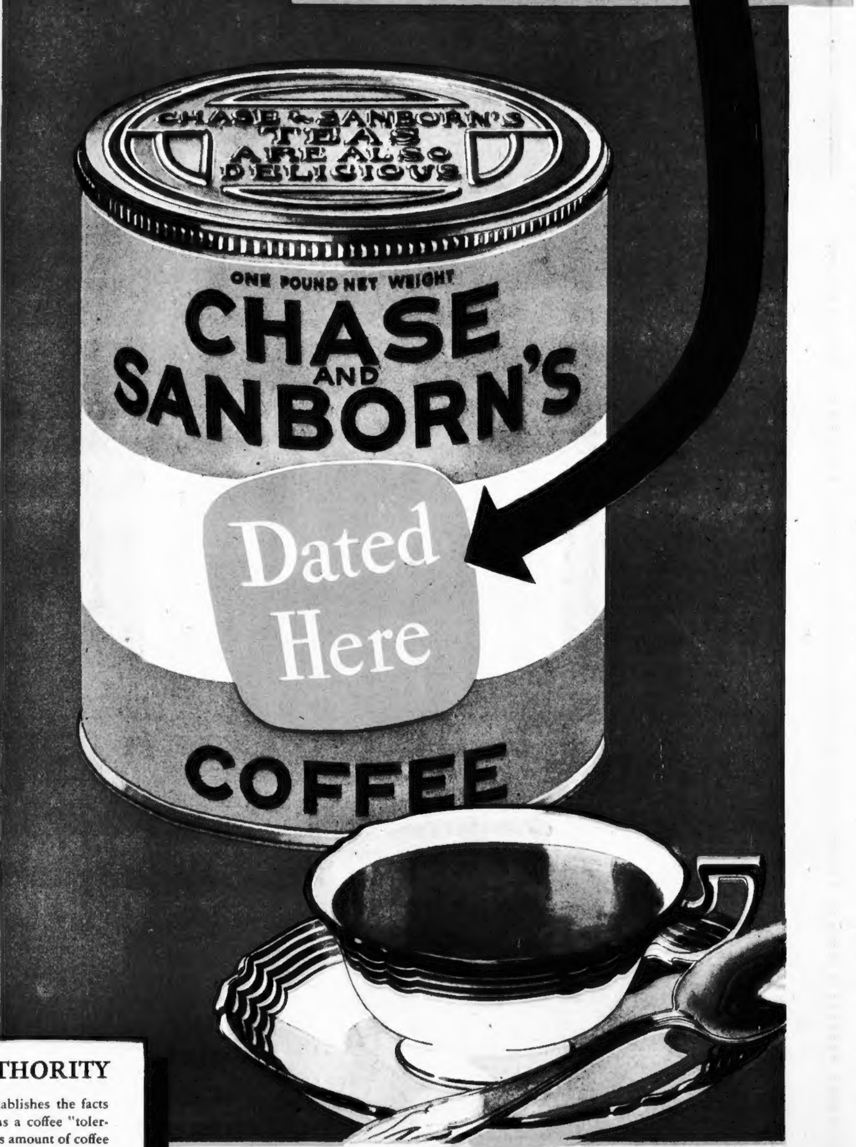
Because of this, Chase & Sanborn instituted *Dated* coffee.

Coffee rushed from the roasting ovens to your grocer by swift motor trucks. The Date of Delivery on every pound. None allowed to stay on the grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

The *goodness* of that fresh-roasted flavor! A blend of the world's choicest coffees!

Try Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee the very next time you buy coffee.

Morning, afternoon or evening . . . you need no longer deny yourself a sociable extra cup of coffee. When it is DATED coffee—it's good for you.



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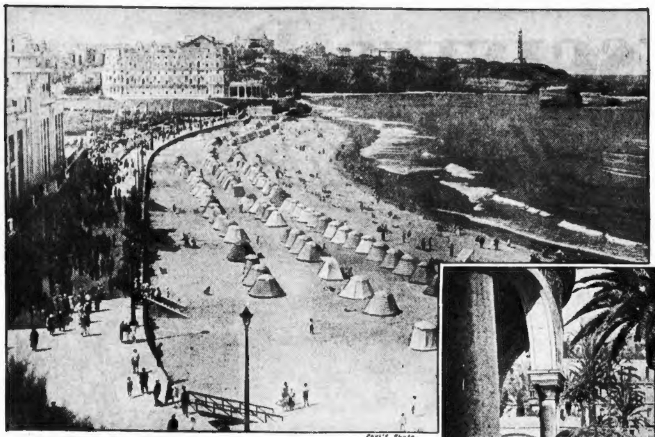
Present scientific knowledge establishes the facts that the normal healthy adult has a coffee "tolerance" of 5 cups a day and that this amount of coffee for the average person is healthfully stimulating.

"Tolerance" means the ability of one's body to receive and utilize and enjoy without the slightest bad effect. But—that coffee must be fresh! The regular drinking of stale coffee has bad effects on the digestion.

The DATE guarantees
full ***fresh*** *flavor*

The Great Gambling Resorts of Europe, Bankrupt

$1,000,000 Will Buy the Gaudy Magnificence of Biarritz; Famous Monte Carlo in Despair; the Grand Casino at Cannes Has Tremendous Losses; Other Playgrounds of the Rich Profligates Deserted



Beach View of the Fashionable Seaside Gambling Resort, Biarritz, France, Which Anybody Can Buy for $1,000,000.

Cheery Sketch by a French Artist of a Scene Along the Palm-Fringed Park Which Leads to the Gambling Casino of Famous and Infamous Old Monte Carlo.

(C) London Times

Empty Tables in the Almost Deserted Riviera Resort, Where Frank Gould Has Invested an Enormous Sum at Just the Wrong Time.

The Crown Princess Charlotte, Daughter of the Unpopular Prince of Monaco, Who Once Protested Against the Family Receiving Its Income From the Sins and Miseries It Encouraged. She Does Not Have to Worry About This Now.

Int'l.

Deserted Aspect of the Once Famous Monte Carlo, Showing the Gambling Casino in the Background.

Contestant in a Beach Pajama Exhibition at Cannes. Every Conceivable Trick and Device Has Been Tried to Wheedle Visitors to This and the Other Dying Resorts of Europe.

PARIS, Nov. 10.

GEORGE M. COHAN once said that if he had a million dollars he would buy Brooklyn and close the place up.

Of course, that was supposed to be a joke—but it was no joke the other day when the great, famous and luxurious gambling and fashionable resort of Biarritz was offered for just that sum and nobody took it. Yet this price is less than half a year's profits on the place in normal times.

The pitiful state to which the proud "Queen of resorts and resort of Kings" has fallen brought to light an even more astounding fact. Three years of depression has done what thousands of preachers and reformers throughout Christendom had failed to accomplish in the last fifty years. Every gambling casino in Europe is bankrupt and ready to go out of business.

Monte Carlo, at Monaco, oldest and most notorious of all, is in such a bad way that the desperate management is planning to turn it into a plain health resort in the hope of at least getting a few invalids to visit its splendid hotels.

Among the dismayed mourners at this sudden death of one of the world's surest ways of making quick and big money is Frank Gould, who had just been induced to pour out $5,000,000 of American gold in building a brand new super-luxurious casino at Nice. Instead of getting his money back in less than two years as he expected, the new casino lost $800,000 in the first five months. When Gould finally realized that, try as he would, these losses could not be reduced to less than $4,000 a day, he announced that his gaming palace would be converted into a public garage.

The Crown Princess Charlotte, daughter of the much criticized Prince of Monaco, once protested in vain against the family receiving its income from the losses of Monte Carlo gamblers. She does not need to worry about that tainted money any more because there isn't any. The plain citizens of Monaco, however, are saddened at the prospect of having to pay taxes, like people in other parts of the world. Their prince used to pay them out of the gambling profits but they were not satisfied and as a result it was reported he might abdicate.

It had always been said that even in periods of depression men and women would find money with which to gamble, but it is not true this time. The last fool and his money seem to have parted. The roulette wheel and the green baize tables over which millionaires used to toss fortunes in a night are still there to be seen, but the only people who see them now are occasional groups of cut-rate tourists who are guided through to stare at the empty places and spend nothing. Outside they may risk a few francs playing one of the recently installed slot machines, so that they can say they have gambled at Monte Carlo.

Once in a while a distinguished looking gentleman, in clothes that are only just beginning to show wear, may be seen hurrying past the machines, with averted face. This is one of the unemployed croupiers who used to rake in millions from kings, princes and American millionaires like the late Reggie Vanderbilt. To a croupier these machines are the last and lowest possible degradation of the gambling profession. Without any assistance at all, a person can work one of these machines until it has relieved him of his last cent.

While Biarritz has always been the most fashionable place in which to lose one's money, Monte Carlo, Cannes and Deauville did the biggest business. Very few know how much the public lost in any of those places. But it is no secret that Monte Carlo, in ordinary years, made a profit of over $8,000,000. This is a net profit after the tremendous visible expenses of running the various parts of the establishment have been paid and also the invisible expenses such as "taking care of" important French officials, commissions paid to friends of rich individuals all over the world for luring the wealthy victims to the casino and publicity agents everywhere. Graft, profits and all, this flood of gold has dried up.

At these three most notorious gambling resorts the big attraction was not the roulette wheels but the baccarat tables. These were financed by the public itself, the casino merely collecting from the winnings a "kitty" which varied according to how much the management thought the traffic would bear. In order to let anyone play almost unlimited stakes somebody with an extra long purse had to "take the bank!" This service was performed by a syndicate of Greek gamblers, headed by M. Zographos and sometimes by M. Vagliano, which kept the bank open against all comers to the extent of 50,000,000 francs.

The tables are now all deserted because the syndicate has withdrawn. M. Zographos blamed it to the French Government for declaring itself in on the game by imposing another "kitty" of 5 per cent. But that was only the last straw. The real reason was the almost total absence of rich men and women.

If people with large amounts of ready cash still exist in the world, they are certainly keeping away from all gambling casinos. Here are some of the assets that went with that astonishing Biarritz bargain which nobody wanted for a mere million:

The gambling rights for the Municipal Casino, for which the concession still has some years to run; the gambling concession for the aristocratic Bellevue Casino and also the building itself; the Hotel d'Angleterre; the beautiful Hotel du Palais, which was built for the Empress Eugenie by Napoleon III; the rights of conducting the famous golf club, said to be the best in France, and the large Garage du Palais.

These properties and concessions form part of the Boulant estate. The late M. Boulant, one of the first men to make a great fortune out of a watering place in France, rose from the calling of a bottle-washer like the late M. Cornuche. He left his great estate to his wife and daughters. The widow and her two sons-in-law now control it through two companies, one handling the hotels and the other the casino concessions.

Since the flight from gambling has left these properties almost deserted, the owners are so tired of losses that it is no longer a question of getting a million but of accepting most any offer. Yet only a few years ago when Captain Alfred Loewenstein, the Belgian promoter, offered M. Boulant $10,000,000, as the start of negotiations toward getting control of Biarritz, the former bottle-washer was so insulted that he would not even reply.

As their customers began to vanish, the managements of the various resorts made desperate and ingenious efforts to attract new ones. Cannes let a lion loose in the great dining room of the casino, gave beach pajama competitions in which the winner received a prize and her picture in the papers, held cockroach races and tried various other tricks and devices, all in vain.

Rival resorts fixed it up with various individuals to boast that they had won fortunes at the gaming tables. Among these alleged favorites of fortune were the Dolly Sisters, who were supposed to have cleaned up the tidy sum of $480,000 in two days at Le Touquet.

These yarns, like the other tricks, stopped finally for two reasons; because they brought no customers and also because the persons, mostly stagefolk, who lent their names to the stories found that there was an unpleasant aftermath to such publicity. Every beggar, professional or amateur, from the big, organized charities down to poor relatives, started a drive to collect some of that mythical easy money until its supposed winners were forced to go into hiding.

When the gambling business was flourishing before 1929, daring promoters planned to build the world's most fashionable and expensive gambling resort at Le Touquet, a tiny hamlet on the French side of the Channel, and succeeded very well for a time. Le Touquet made a special appeal to high class English people. Its great advantage was that one could reach it in two hours from London. Important English people could thus endure the boredom of life in London for part of the day and in the evening reach the freedom and impropriety which French soil offers and which the best Britons enjoy so much.

Across the way from the Casino was the Royal Picardy Hotel, the most expensive and luxurious in the world. Drinks were served in a Byzantine cathedral and cost ten times as much as anywhere else. Tea with the accompaniment of an American jazz-band cost $2.

Le Touquet was the first to feel the depression because few people could still afford to pay two dollars for two cents' worth of tea, and those who could knew better than to be seen doing it because such ostentation is no longer in style. On top of this Le Touquet had special bad luck of its own. First came the mysterious and brutal murder of Mrs. Aline Wilson, an Englishwoman staying at the resort. She was killed under such atrocious circumstances, in a little wood near the casino, that the whole world, and England in particular, watched impatiently to see the murderer caught and executed. During a long-drawn-out investigation, three persons were arrested and released and that was all.

On top of this bungle, which would have been enough to drive away the English customers, even in good times, came another disaster. A big airplane returning from Le Touquet, loaded with titled and wealthy English people, fell, causing the death of everybody on board. That finished the ruin of the resort. The gambling casino, hotel bars, restaurants and theatre were closed. Now the place is struggling to run on a smaller scale.

Even the famous spas known as Karlsbad and Marienbad, in Czecho-Slovakia, where the waters are so good for the health, are in trouble. They have appealed to the Government for financial assistance because the attendance has been far below the average of the last thirty years.

The Government does not allow gambling at these resorts and they are supposed to live by improving the visitors' health, but visitors know that it is easy to find a place where any of the well-known gambling games are conducted unofficially. All those once profitable places which did so much to make the health resorts pay are now closed or starving.

The new English policy of spending holidays in England was a special blow to fashionable Biarritz because ever since King Edward put it on the high society map by his royal patronage, a large part of the resort's best customers have come from England. The revolution in Spain, which put King Alfonso and most of the Spanish nobility among the unemployed, hurt every pleasure and health resort in Europe, because for generations they had been lavish spenders and employers.

Frank J. Gould, youngest son of the late Jay Gould, had spent most of his life in France. His own experience and that of his friends showed that a gambling casino was a gold mine, and always had been. So at Nice he built the biggest and finest casino anywhere, which should surely attract the "suckers" from the old and shabby rivals. The French Government, not liking to see an American breaking into the profitable racket, delayed him with various obstacles so that the $5,000,000 structure was not finished until after the depression had started, and once more Frank found himself on the losing end of the gambling game. While his palace was losing $4,000 a day, the poor, shabby, old Municipal Casino managed to make a little above expenses.

In spite of this disastrous experience, Gould bought a tract of land 75 miles west of Deauville and started to do it all over again, but he now realizes that the old-time reckless plunger, the "dead-game sport," is either broke, reformed, or dead. And without him, gambling is also dead.

Many ingenious methods of "booming" the gambling business have been tried, but none of them seems to accomplish anything any more. A common method is to have some good-looking woman, usually an actress or a dancer, win a lot of money before a large audience and to take care that the newspaper correspondents hear all about it.

The chief croupier for Frank Gould has revealed that casinos in hard luck engage actresses or motion picture stars to visit their place to attract the public. These stars really play with stage money, because it is understood that, win or lose, they must not keep any of their gains.

Crooked methods of the employes of some casinos have discouraged many players. An American financier and industrial magnate arrived at a Riviera resort one evening, played heavily and won a lot of money, between $50,000 and $60,000. The chief croupier of that table thought the man would not mind if his winnings went into the hands of a good-looking woman frequenter of the place, standing about the table, perhaps with the idea that later she would divide. The money was handed to her in such an adroit way that the American could not demand it without appearing a poor sport, unwilling to help a woman loser. The American went out in a furious state of mind and never returned to that place again.

The falling off in gambling profits is a serious matter for the French Government, which has hitherto derived a large revenue from this source. In 1929 the combined "cagnotte," or "kitty," of all the casinos in France amounted to $16,000,000. Of this, $8,500,000 went to the Government, $2,000,000 to the municipalities and $2,000,000 to the casinos. In addition, the Government received $480,000 from its tax on entrance tickets and $400,000 from the tax on playing cards.

The receipts were already falling in 1930. The Government tried to make up for this by increasing its percentage, but this had the opposite effect from that intended.

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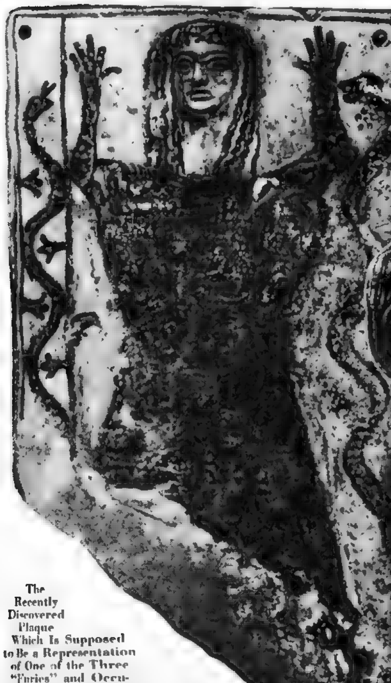

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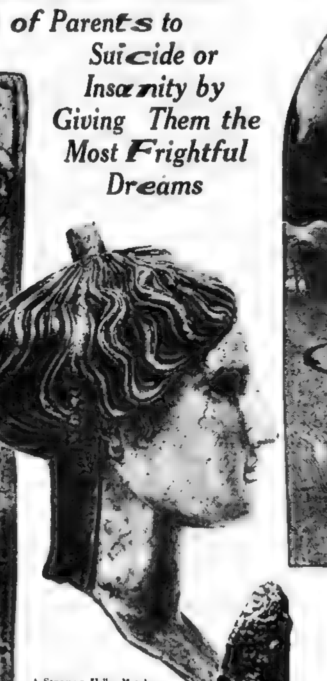

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What makes the find so precious is not its antiquity but the remarkable thing it represents, the recurring nightmare dreamed by a young prince who had murdered his mother some 3,000 years ago. It was a nightmare that was used to make the ancient Athenians behave themselves, spread to the other Greeks and through them over the civilized world, appeared under Christianity in another form and is still working today.

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The case was one of the aftermaths of the Trojan war, which lasted ten years and, to the victorious Greeks, was a far bigger adventure than was the recent world war to the allies. Though supposed to be fought to recover the beautiful Helen, who was a lady in her forties, it was really a hard-headed business proposition. The city of Troy, steadily growing in size and power, was a business menace to the piracy and trading of the Greeks, as later Carthage was a rival to Rome and had to be destroyed for similar business reasons.

The Serpent Tempting Eve, as Painted by Raphael, and Some Archeologists Believe That the Biblical Story Originated in a Primitive Worship of Snake-Goddesses.

One of the most important of the Greek kinglets who participated in the victorious war was Agamemnon. He returned, a grizzled old veteran, to his wife, the beautiful Clytemnaestra and was about as welcome as the proverbial spot on the parlor carpet. Ten years is a long time to be away from home when one has left a lovely wife behind. Clytemnaestra had looked upon her husband's going to war as foolishness, and in his absence consoled herself with the love of another man, named Aegisthus.

Agamemnon overlooked his wife's infidelity and was for resuming his old life as if nothing had happened, but she did not forgive him for breaking up her affair with Aegisthus and finally fixed everything nicely by murdering her husband and ruling his little kingdom with her lover as consort. But the filial piety of her son Orestes was not quite what she had figured it to be. The young man killed his mother and her consort, thus avenging his father's murder.

Immediately the Furies pursued him in spite of his protests that he had done the deed from the highest motives. "No motive can excuse killing one's own mother," answered the Furies, lashing him with the whips of conscience. Leaving out the religious element, that is just about what would happen if a well-meaning young man took the law into his own hands in such a manner. After all, she was his mother and the nightmare of her dead face would be likely to haunt any young man as it did Orestes.

The conflict in the prince's mind spread to his subjects, who took sides and disputed. The question had to be settled by the highest possible authority or Orestes would go mad from insomnia and his followers would not be satisfied. The Greek dramatist Aeschylus carried forward the story of this unhappy youth in several plays, the final one of the series closing with the trial of Orestes in the Athenian supreme court, the Areopagus. The Goddess Athene is the judge and the jury is composed of twelve venerable Athenians. There is first an examination before trial, the Furies declaring that for matricide there can be no pardon, Orestes insisting that he is not responsible for his act as he was urged to it by the god Apollo.

Apollo himself then appears, takes his post as attorney for the defense and gives justification for the crime under three heads. First, that it was the command of Zeus, king of gods and men; second, that the murder of so great a man as Agamemnon had to be revenged; and third, that the real parent of a child is the father, the mother being only the nurse.

Before calling on the jurymen to vote, Athene rules that if an even number of votes are cast on either side Orestes shall be acquitted, for she intends to give her casting vote in his favor. The votes are counted and found equal and the goddess proclaims that Orestes is free.

Both Athene and the citizens of the town are then confronted by the Furies, who raise cries of frantic indignation, threatening to blight the soil, the flocks and the people. They are finally pacified by the promise that they shall henceforth be worshiped by the citizens as benevolent deities and given a shrine in Athens. The Furies accept the offer and are conducted to their new shrine.

At this point the story of Orestes ends and Professor Shear's theory about the terra-cotta plaque begins.

"The plaque and other objects found with it," he says, "were brought from elsewhere and dumped in the spot where they were found, which is near the north slope of the hill of the Areopagus. We know that a shrine of the Eumenides was located on the south side of that hill, and it is likely that the plaque was dedicated in that sanctuary and that it was actually designed to portray one of the Furies."

Under Christianity all pagan beliefs, good or bad, were declared forbidden, but many of them had such vitality that they promptly reappeared in thinly disguised form. The Furies who hounded the pagans became Satan and his imps who performed the same unwelcome services in the Christian era during the offender's life and carried him away to eternal torture after death. The only way for the criminal to get rid of them was by confession and performing such penances as might be imposed on them. Today such mental conflicts are still cleared up in the same manner and also sometimes by "mental catharsis" in the office of the psycho-analyst whose "penance" is usually imposed in the form of a huge fee charged for getting his patient to tell him what a bad boy or girl he or she has been and then forget it.

This story of the Fury-driven Orestes has been a favorite fiction plot in one form or another through the ages and has at least once appeared recently on Broadway.

The Furies were usually shown with hair in the form of snakes or otherwise accompanied by some sort of serpent. This is supposed to be because the serpent was a Greek symbol for the soul of a dead person and the Furies were generally avenging the soul of somebody who had been hurried into the realm of the shades by means of murder.

A second possibility advanced by Professor Shear is that the plaque represents a snake goddess similar to the one who was worshiped on the island of Crete, some 3,000 years ago. This goddess, undoubtedly, was also supposed to punish crimes of certain kinds most severely. But even further back in time, snake goddesses were worshiped in the ancient Biblical city of Ur of the Chaldees, where the patriarch Abraham was born, and curious statues of these peculiar deities have only recently been discovered there. Many students of the Bible are of the opinion that the story of the serpent who tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden originated in the same primitive legend.

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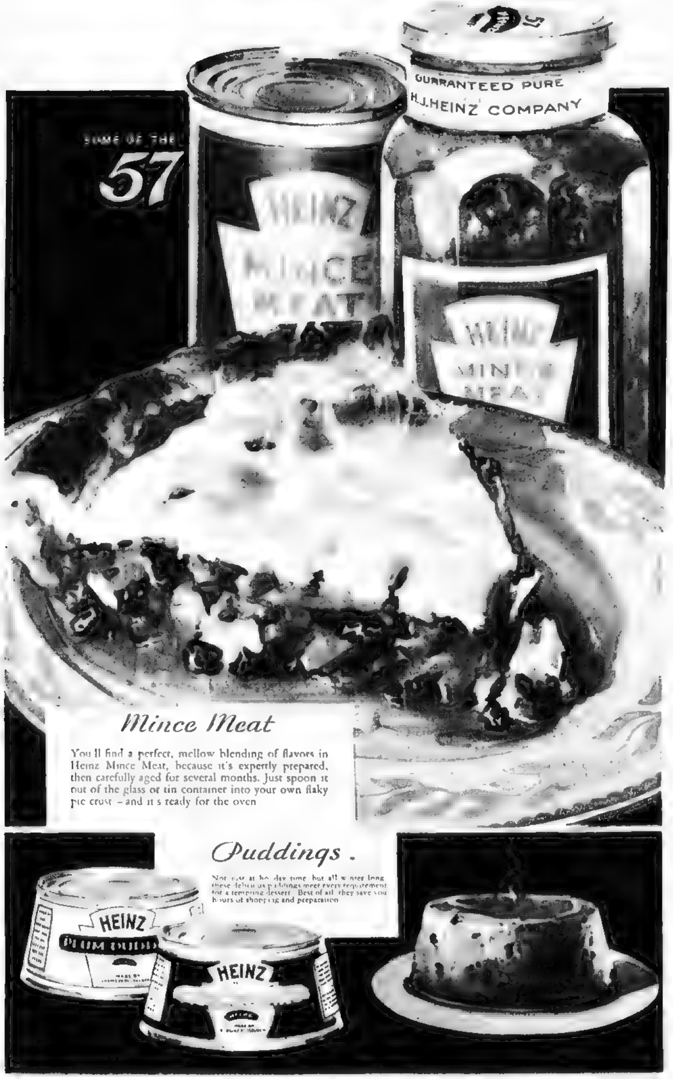

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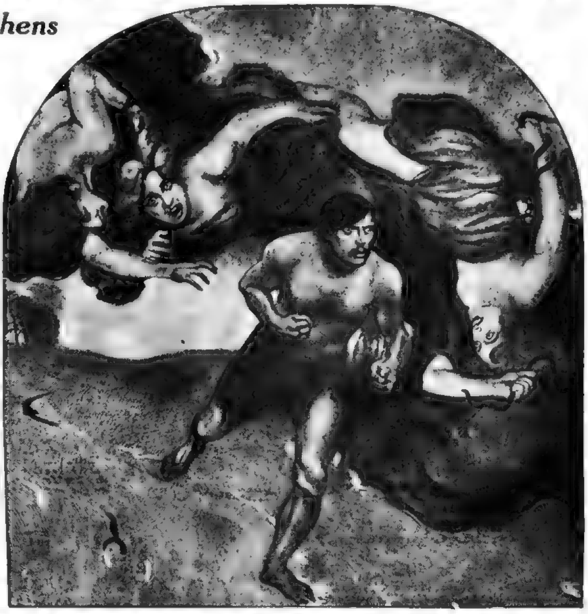

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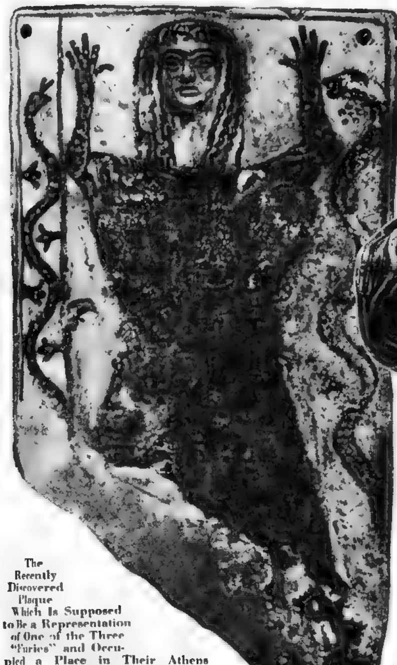

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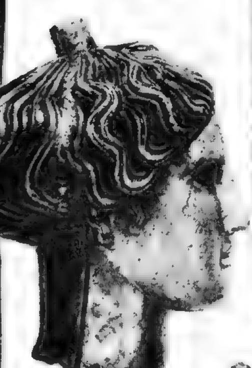

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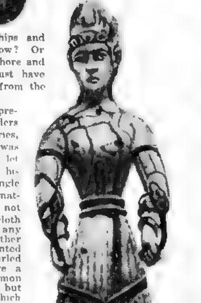

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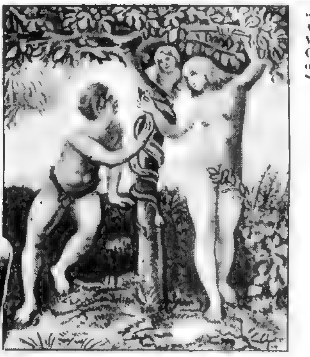

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The case was one of the aftermaths of the Trojan war, which lasted ten years and, to the victorious Greeks, was a far bigger adventure than was the recent world war to the allies. Though supposed to be fought to recover the beautiful Helen, who was a lady in her forties, it was really a hard-headed business proposition. The city of Troy, steadily growing in size and power, was a business menace to the piracy and trading of the Greeks, as later Carthage was a rival to Rome and had to be destroyed for similar business reasons.

One of the most important of the Greek kinglets who participated in the victorious war was Agamemnon. He returned, a grizzled old veteran, to his wife, the beautiful Clytemnaestra, and was about as welcome as the proverbial spot on the parlor carpet. Ten years is a long time to be away from home when one has left a lovely wife behind. Clytemnaestra had looked upon her husband's going to war as foolishness, and in his absence consoled herself with the love of another man, named Aegisthus.

Agamemnon overlooked his wife's infidelity and was for resuming his old life as if nothing had happened, but she did not forgive him for breaking up her affair with Aegisthus and finally fixed everything nicely by murdering her husband and ruling his little kingdom with her lover as consort. But the filial piety of her son Orestes was not quite what she had figured it to be. The young man killed his mother and her consort, thus avenging his father's murder.

Immediately the Furies pursued him in spite of his protests that he had done the deed from the highest motives. "No motive can excuse killing one's own mother," answered the Furies, pelting him with the [illegible] of [illegible]. Leaving out the religious [illegible] that is just about what would happen if a well-meaning young man took the law into his own hands [illegible]. After all, she was his mother and the nightmare of her dead face would be likely to haunt any young man as it did Orestes.

The conflict in the prince's mind spread to his neighbors, who took sides and disputed. The question had to be settled by the highest possible authority or Orestes would go mad from insomnia and his fellows would not be satisfied. The Greek dramatist Aeschylus carried forward the story of the unhappy youth in several plays, the final one of the series dealing with the trial of Orestes before the Athenian supreme court, the Areopagus. The Goddess Athene is the judge and the jury is composed of twelve venerable Athenians. There is first an examination before trial, the Furies declaring that for matricide there can be no pardon, Orestes insisting that he is not responsible for his act as he was urged to it by the god Apollo.

Apollo himself then appears, takes his post as attorney for the defense and gives justification for the crime under three heads. First, that it was the command of Zeus, king of gods and men; second, that the murder of so great a man as Agamemnon had to be avenged; and third, that the real parent of a child is the father, the mother being only the nurse.

Before calling on the jurymen to vote, Athene rules that if an even number of votes are cast on either side Orestes shall be acquitted, for she intends to give her casting vote in his favor. The votes are counted and found equal and the goddess proclaims that Orestes is free.

Both Athene and the citizens of the town are then confronted by the Furies, who raise cries of frantic indignation, threatening to blight the soil, the flocks and the people. They are finally pacified by the promise that they shall henceforth be worshiped by the [illegible] as benevolent deities and given a home in Athens. The Furies accept the offer and are conducted to their new shrine.

At this point the story of Orestes ends and Professor Shear's theory about the terra-cotta plaque begins.

"The plaque and other objects found with it," he says, "were brought from elsewhere and dumped in the spot where they were found, which is near the north slope of the hill of the Areopagus. We know that a shrine of the Eumenides was located on the north side of that hill, and it is likely that the plaque was dedicated in that sanctuary and that it was actually designed to portray one of the Furies."

Under Christianity all pagan beliefs, good or bad, were declared forbidden, but many of them had such vitality that they promptly reappeared in thinly disguised form. The Furies who hounded the pagans became Satan and his imps who performed the same unwelcome services in the Christian era during the offender's life and carried him away to eternal torture after death. The only way for the criminals to get rid of them was by confession and performing such penances as might be imposed on them. Today such mental conflicts are still cleared up in the same manner and also sometimes by "mental catharsis" in the office of the psycho-analyst whose "penance" is usually imposed in the form of a huge fee charged for getting his patient to tell him what a bad boy or girl he or she has been and then forget it.

The story of the Fury-driven Orestes has been a favorite fiction plot in one form or another through the ages and has at least once appeared recently on Broadway.

The Furies were usually shown with hair in the form of snakes or otherwise accompanied by some sort of serpent. This is supposed to be because the serpent was a Greek symbol for the soul of a dead person and the Furies were generally avenging the soul of somebody who had been hurried into the realm of the shades by means of murder.

A second possibility advanced by Professor Shear is that the plaque represents a snake goddess similar to the one who was worshiped on the island of Crete, some 3,000 years ago. This goddess, undoubtedly, was also supposed to punish crimes of certain kinds most severely. But even further back in time, snake goddesses were worshiped in the ancient Biblical city of Ur of the Chaldees, where the patriarch Abraham was born, and curious statues of these peculiar deities have only recently been discovered there. Many students of the Bible are of the opinion that the story of the serpent who tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden originated in the same primitive legend.

By "Kiki"—Queen of the

Secrets of Life in the Famous "Latin
Triumphs an
Strangest Co
People in
Revealed
Prin, th
Arti
in

Latest Portrait of Kiki, from Photograph by Man Ray, 31 Rue Campagne Premiere, Paris.

Kiki Chatting With a Curbstone Artist, in the Latin Quarter, Who Is Displaying His Pictures on Benches, Signboards and the Telephone Pole. Kiki's Shoes Were Thin and the Weather Was Cold, and She Has Her Feet Wrapped in Newspapers to Keep Them Warm

Sketch Made by Kiki Herself of Her Lawyer and the Three Judges Who Solemnly Presided Over Her Trial at Nice.

Group of Art Students and Models Coming Out of Their Studios on Their Way to the Annual Celebration and Election of Their Queen of the Latin Quarter.

Snapshot of Kiki I
Against a Post
Waterfront Last S
at St. Tropes, Fr
Riviera.

By "Kiki"

(Mlle. Alice Prin),

Artist's Model and Queen of the Paris Art Colony.

CHAPTER IX.

(Concluded from Last Sunday.)

I HAVE in the previous chapters taken the American Weekly readers behind the scenes in the strange Bohemian life of the Paris Latin Quarter. Certainly in Montparnasse, on the left bank of the Seine, and in Montmartre, the other art colony, may be found the strangest freaks of humanity which have ever gathered from all corners of the earth. And here I have lived most of my life.

But I am too much of a Bohemian to remain in one place, and I finally left my artist friends and their models and the studios where for years I had been posing as their inspiration and reposing in dark attics and imposing on cabaret patrons with my tuneless voice. In a fit of restlessness I went to Villefranche for a vacation, having by some miracle saved up enough sous from the modest wages of my rather immodest calling to bask a while in the sunshine of that Mediterranean resort.

I should never have left the friendly atmosphere of the Paris Latin Quarter and ventured forth into a world less sympathetic, as you will soon see.

Yvonne, an artist model of 18, accompanied me on my holiday excursion, and we rented a room "tres coquette" up four flights of stairs in a tiny hotel on the Rue Baron-de-Bres. The girl, who hailed originally from Marseilles, was an exquisite creature, with the blue of the Southern twilight in her eyes and the rose of lingering sunset on her delicate cheeks. Her sole defect was a passion for garlic.

During the day-time we rambled along the quays, looking at the pleasure-boats, the fishing-feluccas, or the battleships riding at anchor, while at night we threaded our way through a maze of twisting narrow streets, visiting picturesque bars and taverns in which we drank, danced and flirted with the young naval officers and wassailers. Singing and laughing, Yvonne and I generally returned to our hotel at dawn—jovial after quantities of champagne, though never really drunk.

I had a vague longing for romance and thrills, and here on the Riviera, with its languid air, its dancing sunbeams, its odors of roses and orange-blossoms, was I not in the heart of thrilling romance? In such a perfumed paradise one expects the unexpected, yet I did not expect what happened to me on the very first week of my arrival.

One evening I started out to explore the town all by myself. A golden moon was rising like Venus from the wine-purple sea, and many were the loving couples I met enjoying the beauty of the scene. Passing down the Rue du Poilu, I heard sounds of revelry coming from a cafe, and, feeling lonely, decided to enter the place.

No sooner had I pushed open the door than the manager, eyeing me from head to foot, shouted

"Get out! Street-girls are not allowed here."

In reply to his insolence, I picked up a pile of saucers on the bar and sent them flying in his direction. Most of the customers were of the navy, and two of them, with whom I had danced the previous night in another cafe, recognized me and rushed to my assistance, pummeling the proprietor until he crawled under a table to escape their fists. At this juncture the police arrived, and while order was being established, I slipped away to the hotel in the Rue Baron-de-Bres, my thirst for adventure completely satisfied.

The next morning I was roused by a knocking at my door, which I was told to open in the name of the law. I tremblingly obeyed and was confronted by two burly gendarmes and a man in civilian clothes. Informing me that I was under arrest for disorderly conduct, they bade me get dressed and follow them to the station.

In vain Yvonne protested, with tears in her eyes, that they were mistaken, that I was an invalid and had not left the hotel for a week. The man in civil attire, who announced himself as the "Commissaire" of Villefranche, commanded her to keep still and me to be quick, saying he did not intend to wait all day for a woman of my class.

Before I could explain matters to Yvonne, the gendarmes dragged me downstairs, and because I was a bit slow in climbing into the police-van, the commissary struck me in the face. The blow made me lose my balance and I fell against him, whereupon he began to insult me, declaring I would certainly get six months in jail for assaulting him.

After spending three hours in the Villefranche lock-up—a sort of cellar full of rubbish and rats—I was placed in the "panier-a-salade" and treated to a joy-ride along the famed Corniche to Nice. Here, in the city of fetes and flowers, I occupied a filthy cell for a fortnight in the local Bastile.

My mattress was hard as the stone walls around me and as the bread supplied by the prison bakery. The wine tasted like a mixture of wormwood and verdigris and I blessed the old woman guardian who sometimes dropped in to exchange this beverage for a cup of chocolate. The good-hearted soul loaned me one of Dumas' romances, but I left it unread. I had enough of "romance."

Occasionally, I received a visit from Yvonne and M. Benaccio, a Corsican lawyer whom she had interested in my case. Otherwise, I was left alone to ponder over my misdeeds. When I say "alone," I use the word in a Pickwickian sense, for the cell was colonized by giant cockroaches, that kept me constant company.

Perhaps I should not complain too much over the accommodations. Bad as they were, they were better than some of the sordid garrets and studios I had lived in during my early days in the Latin Quarter. What most irritated me, however, was the thought that when at last, after a long hard struggle, I had both time and money to enjoy a brief holiday on the Cote d'Azur, I should have the misfortune to view the glorious skies of this Elysium through prison-bars.

Having passed two weeks in durance vile, I was forcibly torn away from my cockroach companions, herded with thieves and pavement nymphs in the police-van, and driven to the Tribunal. On seeing the judges—there were three of them—I lost hope. From the summit of their self-conceit, they peered down on me as if I were a poor earthworm. Maybe they were proud of their intellectual attainments, but as far as their outward appearance was concerned, they had little reason to be vain. They resembled Daumier caricatures.

One of the magistrates, meagre as a string-bean, looked as if he had recently come from the realm of shadows—as if the sun's rays had never shone on him. He had a corpse-like pallor and a face wrinkled as a dried snake's skin. Another seemed simian with his malicious grin, while the third, with wig awry, large spectacles and long, white whiskers, appeared to be Stupidity personified.

In the course of the trial, the Villefranche commissary testified I had given him blows, but my advocate, M. Benaccio, pleaded mercy, saying I was the victim of a nervous malady. The monkey-like judge interrupted the proceedings here to ask if I were intoxicated at the Rue du Poilu cafe, and when I replied in the negative, remarked that my actions were inexcusable.

Luckily, the cafe manager admitted he was guilty of addressing me in unbecoming terms, which started the row, and so I was eventually acquitted—to the great disgust of the commissary, who hoped I would be sentenced to six months in jail.

I later learned that a French naval officer friend of mine, indignant at my incarceration, had taken up a collection of 25,000 francs on his battleship to buy my liberty. Whether it was spent at the bar of justice—or at other bars—I cannot tell. All I know is that I never received a centime of this fund, and that after paying my lawyer's fees I was obliged to return to Paris. My "vacation" days and cash had come to an end.

Believing it is better to laugh with Rabelais than to weep with Pascal, I did not waste time bemoaning my bad luck on reaching the capital, but started out hunting for a job, and was soon signed up to sing and dance in "La Jungle," at 127 Boulevard du Montparnasse. Andre Warnod, a wit of the Quarter, said I went to this establishment because I had heard the "call of the wild," yet in spite of its name the place was no wilder than other cabarets of the Carrefour, a central square in the Quarter. In fact, the same giddiness and glare, the same noise and naughtiness prevail in practically all of these convivial centres.

A queer lot of animal-paintings (the work of M. Black, a futuristic artist) graced the walls of the "Jungle," though they were not half so queer as the customers. Here one met down-at-the-heel dramatic authors, rich in rejected manuscripts; bogus counts, who were genuine blacklegs; neurotic maidens masquerading as models; neurasthenic stage stars and pseudo-intellectuals; poetesses, who were supposed to write in the style of Sappho; self-infatuated singers, who sang nothing but their own praise; and color-blind daubers, usurping the name of "artist," who painted the skies of their landscapes green, the trees purple, the ground blue, and who considered violet as the finest flesh-tint for their nudes.

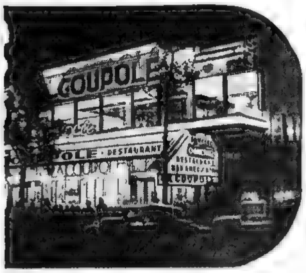
Here, between posings at the studios, I played the role of siren, yet without becoming so illustrious as my classic predecessors—Leucosia, Parthenope and Ligeia. Ruskin asserts there are two classes of sirens: "One noble and saving, as the other is fatal." I hardly belonged to the first group, and as for the second, I never was a "femme fatale," like so many of the charmers here. Nobody ever blew out his brains for me, as Victor Point did for Alice Cocea. In reality, I was more fat than fatal, and to reduce I went to a gymnasium, on the Rue Denfert-Rochereau, that was run by my friend, Mlle. Therese Treize.

What amused me in Treize's "gym" were not the strenuous exercises she put me through, but her weekly banquets "sans ceremonie." Each guest was expected to bring along some

aris Artists' Studios

uarter," the Follies,
d Tragedies in the
llection of Queer
All the World,
by Mlle. Alice
Best Known
t's Model
Europe

"What a hubbub there was when the art judges proclaimed me Queen of the Latin Quarter! Among the contestants, which included models, midinettes, cafe singers, dancers, 'etudiantes' and professional boulevard beauties, were many who were better known than I was—and prettier and wittier. At the close of the blowout in the Bobino Music Hall a mob of merrymakers carried me off on their shoulders to the Coupole Cafe and, throwing me on a table, enthroned me and proceeded to pour out libations to 'Kiki, Reine de Montparnasse.'"



The Famous Coupole Restaurant in the Latin Quarter, Where the Art Students Carried Kiki on Their Shoulders to Celebrate Her Election as Queen of the Paris Artists' Studios.

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article of food for these spreads, and it frequently happened that the parsimonious person who contributed a can of sardines regaled himself on the chicken brought by another guest, and vice versa. Instead of serving "liqueurs" as a digestive, Treize made her "invites" leave the table at dessert and go through a series of acrobatic stunts on the ropes and turning bars. Some of her best trained pupils were Per Krogh, the Scandinavian painter; the Mexican danseuse, Senorita Siria; Man Ray, the American photographer; the comedienne, Helene Terpse, and Le Tarare, the dwarf movie actor.

Two years ago, while I was appearing at the College Inn—a bar of the Rue Vavin noted for its whey-faced tipplers—a most unforeseen event occurred: I was elected Queen of the atin Quarter. The coronation took place on ay 30, at the Bobino music-hall, the old stampg ground of Marie Dubas and Montehus. And hat a hubbub there was when the art judges roclaimed me the most popular lady! Among e candidates, which included models, midiettes, cafe-singers, dancers, "etudiantes" and rofessional boulevard beauties, were many who ere better known than I was— and prettier and ittier. Why I should have been crowned sovereign has always remained a mystery to me.

By way of celebration, a special benefit rogram was given, the proceeds going to the eedy artists of the Latin Quarter. Music and ance numbers were furnished by night clubs rom various quarters, including Barba, pianist of a Jungle; Castellanos, saxophonist of the Grand cart; Clark, singer from La Jungle; Ekyan, axophone artist from Casino de Paris et Lido; ereri, violinist from the Embassy; Grapelli, iolin soloist from Pile ou Face; Paquinet, tromone specialist from the Moulin Rouge, and any singers, dancers and performers from atin Quarter cabarets.

I was down on the program in two acts—the ymnasium act of Mme. Treize "and her Montarnasse Girls" and also for a piano recital.

Number Nine on the program was "Proclanation de la Reine de Montparnasse—Vote du ublic." It was when the vote was counted nd it turned out that I had been elected Queen f the Latin Quarter the great hubbub broke out. t the close of the blowout a mob of merryakers carried me off on their shoulders to the oupole Cafe and, throwing me on a table, enhroned me and proceeded to pour out libations o "Kiki, Reine de Montparnasse."

I responded by singing the raciest songs, by xecuting the maddest, most unrestrained capers. houts, laughter and a general salute of popping rks and clinking glasses greeted my performce, after which came the feast, that was llowed in turn by fiddling, dancing, masking. last the cold blue dawn began to pale the ghts in the Coupole, and we trooped out into the street, drinking in the morning air like new wine.

My reign in the Pays Latin, which lasted a year, was a comparatively quiet one, except for the continual tongue-wagging of my subjects, who seem to be governed by Article XII, in Machiavelli's "Regulations for a Society of Pleasure," wherein it is expressly forbidden to keep silent one moment. Indeed, they made such a fuss and noise over me and my "talent" that Henri Varna, Paris music-hall owner, asked me to accept an engagement at the Concert Mayol.

Frankly, I would rather act alone in a "boite-de-nuit" than be just one of a hundred attractions in a theatre. This may not sound very modest, but it is the truth. Moreover, I like to be myself. Nothing displeases me more than to act affectedly, to put on airs, as is the general custom of stage idols. I have Damia in mind, the "realistic" singer who drives me distracted as she waves her arms about, distorts her countenance, and twists her vocal cords to make the public weep. Evidently, she never studied Diderot's famous letters to the comedienne, Mlle. Jodin, imploring her to be "natural."

Nevertheless, the insistent demands of my friends, coupled with Varna's honeyed words, induced me to desert the night-clubs of "Montparno" for the Mayol footlights. I was given the part of a merry-hearted model who, though expelled from her lodging, goes singing gaily through the streets, pushing a hand-cart filled with her belongings that consisted chiefly of portraits of herself made by artists as poor and happy as she is.

My natural voice is bass, but at the first rehearsal the "regisseur" compelled me to sing in a high squeaky soprano, which gave me a sore throat. If I failed to follow his instruction, I was called nice names such as "grenouille" and "saucisse" (frog and sausage). In the beginning, I listened patiently to the directors, but after a few days paid no attention to their admonitions. One day, for example, they wanted me to sing contralto, the next day, bass, and the following day, barytone. A dozen different officials advised me what to do, and I ended by doing nothing, except to follow my own fancies.

As vedette, I occupied the biggest and finest dressing-room. It was about as large as a clothes-closet and lavishly furnished with two broken-back chairs, a rickety "maquillage" table containing a drawer that had been blackened by the grease from brushes and combs, a cracked looking-glass, and a shelf that served as wardrobe. Plaster was falling off the walls, while the paper, in ruins, was overrun by vermin. The infernal heat of the place parched my throat, I was thirsty all the time, drank continually, and this is not good for the voice.

In contrast to the burning atmosphere of the dressing-room was that of the staircase and corridor leading to the stage. Brrrr! I still remember those icy blasts laden with the acid scents of toilet-waters and odors of various soaps. Worst of all were exhalations from the "lavabos." In the words of Othello, "Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks." Speaking of perfumes, I should not forget to mention the troupe of chorus-ladies passing back and forth in the passage-way. Like the houris of Mahomet's paradise, they were not created of clay, as mortal women are, but of pure musk.

Punctuality is not one of my virtues. Once, on arriving late at the theatre for the afternoon show, I began to bathe under the cold-water faucet in the corridor, having missed my morning plunge at home. A group of "figurantes" standing near by protested loudly, horrified, apparently, at my disrobing, although they had on nothing much besides rouge and rice-powder, and were quite accustomed to gather here daily before taking the part of nude statues on the [illegible]

Modesty may be becoming to some girls, yet it seemed highly ridiculous in the case of these unclad damsels. My wrath was aroused by such a display of hypocrisy and I opened a verbal battle. The uproar brought the stage-director hurrying to our midst, and after telling me I was breaking the regulation against bathing in the corridor, he fined me fifty francs.

On two or three occasions, in making my entry on the stage, I tripped over coils of ropes in the wings, and eloquently cursed the obstacles and the individuals who had placed them in my path. Each time I muttered these maledictions I was fined—not on account of any rule against profanity, but because there is a silly tradition in Paris theatres that performers uttering the word "rope" back-stage must be punished in this manner.

Sarah Bernhardt and Mistinguett were hissed when they first appeared on the boards, and at my debut I naturally expected vegetable bouquets and donations of decayed fruit. The audience, however, happened to be indulgent, even applauding my songs. Whether this was out of pity or politeness, I do not know.

Three months later I was given my walking papers, despite the fact that I had played to crowded houses and received flattering press notices. According to the director, I was altogether too "gay" in my act. What do you think of that? I thought it no small merit to be a care-dispeller, to set people laughing, to make them forget the sad side of life.

I believe the reason why he got rid of me was because his sweetheart, the premiere danseuse, coveted my role. After my departure, this woman had the audacity to pretend she was "Kiki," although she is a blonde and I am brunette. Friends of mine complained it was not fair for the management to continue advertising me as a headliner on the program when I had been fired, but a music-hall director, like the Deity, works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

On leaving the Concert Mayol, I made a vow never to act again in a music hall, no matter how much money I might be offered. My enemies wondered at this decision, affirming I was well qualified to succeed in a field where intelligence is unknown. While not pretending to be exceptionally bright, I think I am wise enough to know my own likes and dislikes.

First of all, a vedette is usually so pressed for time that she has few opportunities to dine leisurely, and I am somewhat of a gourmet and love to linger long at the table. In the second place, a vedette's work is hard—more fatiguing than posing or entertaining tipsy cafe customers—and I am by nature indolent and particularly fond of repose. Lastly, I do not care to rise to footlight fame by bestowing my affections indiscriminately on the owners, directors, sub-directors, regisseurs, metteurs en scene, maitres de ballet, electricians, musicians and publicity agents of a theatre, as stage aspirants are expected to do if they want to win "success."

From the bottom of my heart I pity music-hall dancing-girls — nimble-footed fairies who can scarcely foot hotel bills with their slim wages (about $20 a month). Of course, they could change their job, yet the poor things dream of becoming stars. Perhaps one in a thousand attains her ambition. Three-fourths of them exist on coffee and rolls, and when they do find admirers to invite them to a restaurant, they eat so much and so ravenously that their escorts grow frightened, bidding them adieu for good after paying the garcon.

Life is no bed of roses for these bayaderes. Year in and year out, from 8 o'clock in the evening till midnight, they must race up and down stairs to and from the "rampe" and their dressing-rooms. There are countless changes of costumes, they must be punctual and silent—if not, they are fined—and woe betide the ballerine making a false step in the figures of the dance.

The chorus girl who exposes her gleaming white body for the diversion of the public, exposes herself to pneumonia in the draughty corridors; to tuberculosis in the poisoned air of the "coulisses"; to the danger of twisted ankles from stray ropes, of broken bones from falling blocks, of electrocution from live wires. She is likewise exposed to the brutality and caprice of stage-hands and "protectors," as well as to a nervous breakdown due to her feverish way of living.

Colette Willy, Louis Roubaud and Maurice Verne have written at length about the wretched existence of these mechanical dolls, and I recommend their books to the midinette with thoughts bent on quitting her labors for an "easy, lucrative" position in the limelight at the Mayol, Folies-Bergere or Casino de Paris. Maybe the perusal of what I have written may save her from making a voyage to what Jules Claretie called the "land of disillusion."

Many are the victims of the music-hall, for there the vedette finds doors always open to her vices, always closed to her virtues. Cocaine proved the downfall of the Mayol star, Regine Flory, who finally committed suicide; cocktails and too many "affaires de coeur" killed Fabris; Hilda May, after a scandalous career, died miserably in a hospital; Jenny Golder flung herself eagerly into the abyss of pleasure and then put an end to her life; Yvonne George, according to Jacques Charles, ex-director of the Olympia, "s'est tuee à plaisir"—killed herself for pleasure; Agnes Souret, Jane Danjou and Andree

Continued on Page 20

Sweet Vengeance by Marylyn Tomson

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

T[illegible] Jenny to [illegible] [illegible] should [illegible] ago, [illegible] took the [illegible] Magda Trevelan [illegible] together [illegible] at the [illegible] his chances [illegible] caught in a [illegible]

The Butler Coughed Discreetly at Jason's Elbow. "There's a young lady outside. A Miss Jerome, sir."

CHAPTER XII (Continued).

Jason Proves Human

NO FLICKER of [illegible] on [illegible] the [illegible] face of [illegible] Den[illegible] as he opened the door to [illegible]. Nevertheless, [illegible] he knew or thought [illegible] he.

"Mr. Jason Denning [illegible] at dinner," he said.

He [illegible] Jason were at the South Pole. At least, [illegible] Jenny.

Jenny drew herself up to a height of dignity that rivaled the butler's.

"Kindly tell Mr. Jason Denning that Miss Jerome is outside and [illegible] to see him immediately."

[illegible] shifted impatiently [illegible] to the other.

"Mr. Jason Denning is in at [illegible]," repeated with hollow [illegible]. Rather as you repeat something it should know to a [illegible] child. He added to [illegible] matttern, "There are [illegible]."

"I don't care if he's entertaining the Emperor of Abyssinia! [illegible] I want to see him!" [illegible] retorted with spirit. After all it was annoying after having [illegible] all this way to be balked by [illegible] impossible butler.

"He must pattern his manners after his master's," she thought.

The butler permitted himself a wintry smile. Far more reproving than any frown might have been. "I will convey the message to Mr. Denning," he said. "Will you step inside and wait in the hall?"

"No, I won't," snapped Jenny. "I'll wait out here." Suddenly she felt she'd rather die than enter that house until they begged her to do so. Which, at the moment, seemed too remote a possibility to be worth entertaining.

Inside the large dining room with its long French windows, oak panelling, high ceiling, parquet floor and portraits of numerous and singularly uninspiring dead fish and game, the butler coughed discreetly at Jason's elbow. "There's a young lady outside. A Miss Jerome, sir." He made it sound as though he had no idea whom this Miss Jerome could be, the old devil. Yet he raised his voice slightly. Perhaps he felt the situation a little too good to be missed by the guests.

Jason repeated, "Miss Jerome?" with a slight note of incredulity. Yet there was no real reason why it should seem so incredible. After all, she was here in the town.

"My dear boy! Do you mean to say she's had the impertinence...." Mrs. Denning was breathing down the table at him.

"Please, mother," Jason said sharply. His lean, tanned fingers closed over his dinner napkin, crushing its white stiffness.

"Why didn't you ask her to dinner?" Magda leaned towards him and whispered. There was an attractively husky note in her voice. "She might have enlivened the dullness of this party, big boy!"

Mrs. Denning turned to Fortnum, the butler.

"Did you say Mr. Denning was in at dinner?"

Fortnum wore a pained expression. That she should imagine he hadn't!

"The sanctity of the dinner hour..." began Magda, in a low voice with mocking solemnity. "Let us disrupt it but once and our entire life will be shattered! Of course, you understand I'm talking only of the best families!"

Lord Wilshut, a young Englishman visiting in the neighborhood, sniggered. Charley Wilshut always sniggered at everything it was possible to snigger at. Apart from his fortune it was his one claim to fame.

Jason, for no good reason, felt a sudden desire to hit him.

He put the crushed dinner napkin down beside his plate. "If you'll excuse me," he said.

"But, dear boy, she can wait," his mother protested.

"I don't wish to keep her waiting," Jason returned coolly.

"I rather think you'd hear about it if you did," Magda murmured with a wry chuckle.

"The young lady wouldn't come inside," said Fortnum, as he held the door open for Jason to pass through.

"Wouldn't she?" said Jason. He wasn't really surprised. He just knew why Jenny wouldn't come inside this house. Again he was aware of a reluctant admiration.

He saw her as he came near the doorway. She stood on the porch and the light from the hall fell out and caught her. She seemed to be standing knee deep in a pool of gold. Behind her was a wall of encroaching blackness. Jason stood still a moment and caught his breath sharply. He thought, as he had thought before, "She is lovely!" And he wondered why he should feel queerly breathless.

"Good-evening, Miss Jerome. You wanted to see me?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Jenny, exasperated by his tone. "Can't you forget you're Mr. Jason Denning and be human for a change?"

He smiled quietly, patiently. "Did you come her to ask me that, Miss Jerome?"

Jenny glanced up at him. She thought how extremely thin and dark he looked in his tux. The whiteness of the starched shirt front showed up the deep brown of his skin. And she found herself thinking that if he hadn't been so unpleasant he might have been a most attractive man. Not superbly handsome as Robin, but, in a different way, equally attractive.

Aloud she said curtly, "I came to tell you I've found your dog."

"You've found Peg-tops?" Amazing that a man's voice could change so abruptly. It was human now. And eager, tremendously eager. His gray-blue eyes probed her face anxiously.

She nodded. "Yes, I've found her."

He drew a sharp breath. "Say, that's...great!"

She thought, wonderingly, "He does care about the dog.

"He does care very much about something then!"

"Where is she?" he demanded.

"Caught in a trap some distance from here," Jenny told him. "I tried, but I couldn't get her out of it. She's...I'm afraid she's in rather an exhausted condition."

His face darkened again. "I can imagine it. She's been missing four days. Can you describe just where you found her?"

Jenny shook her dark head. "It's difficult. You see, I know this region so little. But I'll take you to her."

There was a pause. Jason seemed embarrassed. He said awkwardly, "That's...mighty kind of you. I hate to trouble you though!"

Jenny never knew afterwards why she said now, "Yes, you would hate to be beholden to me for anything, Mr. Jason Denning! But don't worry. I'm doing this for the dog's sake. Not for yours!"

A deep flush stained his face. His hand tightened so that the knuckles showed white. "In any case, I'll accept your kind escort," he said coldly.

Jenny felt suddenly miserable. What on earth had prompted her to say that? She thought, "I can't understand myself lately."

Meanwhile Jason stepped into the hall to say to Fortnum, "Ask them to excuse me at dinner, please. I won't be back until later."

"One in the eye for old stick-in-the-mud," Jenny thought, smiling wryly. "Let it be a lesson to him if he tries to high-hat me in future!"

Jason had joined her again. He had thrown a dark woolen scarf about his throat but he wore no hat or overcoat. Without speaking they went across the porch and down the white steps. Still without speaking they continued on down the drive that seemed to be floating in a sea of rising moonlight. Jenny's sense of unhappiness increased. It was like a raw wound inside her. She couldn't have told you why she should feel it so much. Why quarreling with Jason should hurt her. Perhaps because he was Robin's brother. She tried to tell herself so, anyhow.

Every now and then she turned her head to glance sideways up at him. The pale moonlight emphasized the stern, almost severe line of his lips. His face in repose was sad. She thought suddenly, "He's suffered. He's suffered sometime very intensely." Was that what had made him so hard?

Suddenly she remembered his face when she had told him about Peg-tops. The eager light in his eyes. The sharp indrawn breath of relief. In a queer way she found herself envying Peg-tops. She thought, "It would be very wonderful for anybody Jason Denning really cared for!"

Did he care about Magda? Magda with her frail blonde beauty, her light cynicism, her apparent inability to treat anything seriously? Hard to tell. Jason would never wear his heart on his sleeve. And the person concerned might be the last to know of it. She sensed that an admission of love would literally have to be wrung from Jason.

"He's all involved inside," she thought with an uncanny flash of insight. "I think he must have been hurt badly when he was a boy."

Could the woman who loved him pull him out of it? Could Magda?

"She might," Jenny thought, "if she loved him enough."

But did she? Somehow Jenny didn't think so. "It would hurt to love Jason," she mused. "And Magda Trevelan wouldn't want to be hurt."

What queer fancies were these going through her head! Incredible that it could be, she thinking these things. Jenefer Prudence Jerome, who hated this thin, dark man beside her more than she had ever hated any man in her life. "The moonlight must be sending me off my nut!" she thought, angrily.

And yet...Perhaps that, too, was the moonlight. But suddenly she found herself fighting an overwhelming desire to stretch out her hand and touch Jason's arm. To say, "Don't let's fight any more, please. Can't we be friends?"

They must have gone half a mile down the road before Jason asked, "How long is it since you found my dog, Miss Jerome?"

"Not more than an hour."

"Then it isn't far?"

"Some distance. I ran most of the way.."

He raised his dark eyebrows. "That was...mighty nice of you. I am grateful." His voice was low, pleasantly rough. Also sincere. And as he looked down at her stepping along beside him the hardness left his face. It softened miraculously. "I am grateful," he repeated.

Jenny didn't reply. Something curious had happened to her throat. It was swollen so tight she couldn't have spoken.

The next moment his lips twisted. Half in amusement, half in bitterness, "I should have said I am grateful for Peg-top's sake. As you said you wouldn't have done it for me!"

Another silence. The road that twisted vaguely before them seemed very long to Jenny. Endless. Her feet were tired and sore. But she marched bravely on, keeping her shoulders rigid.

She remembered where they must turn off the highway. A broken stile was the landmark. Jason jumped over first, then gave her his hand. She felt hers tremble in his, she didn't know why. And she had the queerest desire to cling onto that hand.

"It's rather rough going here. Won't you let me take your arm?" he asked quietly.

"I'm fine," said Jenny. "Don't trouble, please." But she wanted him to take her arm. She wanted it very much. Yet, perversely, she had to pretend even to herself that she didn't.

"As you please," he said curtly. She sensed him draw back into himself. She walked blindly on thinking, "What's wrong with me? Why must I snub him?"

They crossed a ploughed field. Jenny caught her heel in one of the furrows. She would have fallen had not Jason held her.

"You see you should have taken my arm. Little girls shouldn't be too independent!" She thought he smiled, while his rough voice seemed to tease her.

(Continued on Page 19)

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

5 Minutes to tilt her Hat...! Never a thought for her gums and she has "pink tooth brush!"

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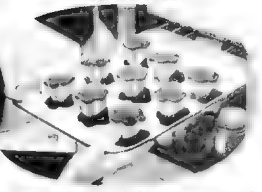
BOILING WATER DELAYS SETTING!

THE NEW JELL-O

is made without boiling water!

after making old-fashioned gelatin dessert, even old JELL-O, good as it was! • **Still steaming!** • **Flavor escaping!** • **Setting delayed!**



after making this wonderful NEW JELL-O—with warm water instead of boiling water! • **Into the refrigerator!** • **Flavor saved!** • **Setting begun!**

NEWS—with a capital N—for 30 million women! America's favorite dessert comes out in new, radically improved form . . . in a brilliant, exciting new package!

NEW JELL-O has everything you loved in the old JELL-O—yet it's new—different—wonderful!

Good-by, now, to the boiling water that the old JELL-O required—*that other gelatin desserts still require*—boiling water that carries off flavor on every wisp of steam, and slows up setting! The NEW JELL-O dissolves instantly, like snowflakes, in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm—right out of the hot water tap, if you like.

Five Big Advantages

Richer pure fruit flavor by the new process . . . and
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The fastest-setting gelatin dessert in the world!

Prove that Boiling Water Steals Flavor

Take a whiff of the steam rising from old-fashioned flavored gelatin dissolved in boiling water. You *know* that flavor is flying away into the air.

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The Justice of the Desert

By Joan Kennedy

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

MOLLIE [illegible] drudge [illegible] in the garden and is horrified to discover it is Michael Harding.

CHAPTER IV.

Disillusion.

FOR a moment Mollie thought she would faint. She put out a trembling hand and steadied herself against the trunk of a palm tree.

Michael alive! Alive and here in the garden!

Unaware that she spoke, she called his name — "Michael! Michael!"

He stopped short, turned.

Then, sobbingly calling his name again, Mollie stumbled toward him, her blue eyes alight with the knowledge of his nearness, her hands outstretched, her face pale and strained. And he saw her.

Over his tanned face there spread amazement. Mollie here—here in Algiers! Mollie, the sweetheart whom he had left in a lonely English farmhouse waiting for him. Mollie here!

"Mollie—it isn't—it can't be!"

"Michael! Michael!"

Now she was close, breathless, calling his name again, her blue eyes staring.

His arms went out and he caught her. He crushed her close, amazed. For a moment the gray eyes held those blue ones with their piteous appeal, then he saw her eyelids droop. His glance fell to the finger of her left hand, where the gold band gleamed.

His arms fell to his sides. Mollie stumbled back from him.

"Mollie—you—you are married!"

Accusation, condemnation, horror! She read them all. And in the eyes of her lover she saw a stupefying pain.

"Michael—I—I thought you were dead. The letter said so. I thought it was true and I—"

"You thought me dead—yes! And so poor was your love that you could turn to another and marry within a few weeks—days for all I know. Is that what women call love? Mollie, I never dreamed that you—you were that sort of girl!"

And then, as she stood speechless before him, he asked: "Who is this man to whom you turned—this man you have married?"

She told him—told him with piteously pleading eyes.

"Warren Baer!" he cried. "You have married Warren Baer? You, an English girl, have married a man who is half Arab, offspring of an Englishwoman and her Arab lover! Can this thing be?"

"Michael!" Her voice held a piteous appeal. "Michael, it isn't true—what you say? Tell me it isn't true!"

All the vague fears came sweeping back then and understanding came to her. All the things which had puzzled her now were plain. What had she done?

The great gate at the bottom of the garden clanged. Warren Baer had entered the gate and he was coming toward them.

Mollie swayed dizzily. She felt that the garden was twirling, spinning round.

Through the haze she could see Michael's eyes, cold, gray, holding horror and condemnation. She heard his voice, low, compelling, as he said, "Pull yourself together! Don't be a fool!"

Never had she heard Michael's voice so stern before. He was angry, hurt, ashamed of her.

Warren Baer was approaching. Had he seen? Could he tell that she and Michael were not strangers? And if he knew, what would he do? Mollie watched him as he came nearer. She studied the lithe grace, the handsome face with its strangely becoming tan. She envisioned him wrapped in a burnous with all the trappings of European civilization torn away. Yes, she could see it now!

A son of Islam!

It Was Plain to Mollie, Who Watched With Tortured Heart, That the Fascinating Lola Would Do Her Best to Draw Michael Into Her Net.

She fought to control herself as she heard Michael saying in conventional tones, "It is indeed a beautiful garden, Mrs. Baer."

It was her cue and she took it.

"Yes, it is wonderful to see this blaze of color when in England it is probably cold and bleak."

Was that her own voice—that conventional voice which spoke of flowers and weather? Could she, who had just found the man she loved and had believed dead, keep up her pretense?

Baer joined them.

"Ah, you and my wife are making friends!" he said. "That's good. Just arrived, Harding?"

Baer's huge form, in its exquisitely cut European clothes, towered above her! The dark eyes gleamed in his handsome face, giving no indication that he had noticed anything amiss. She remembered stories she had read of Arabs—how they could conceal, yet strike when the time came, how infinitely patient they could be, how they could love and how they could also hate.

She felt that stark, stupefying fear again!

"Mollie, I want a few words with Mr. Harding before lunch. We'll see you later."

She was dismissed. She watched Michael turn up the path with her husband. There they went—the man she had married, and the lover she had imagined dead!

She stared at the white villa which now had become her prison, and realization came of what that locked door meant, that hidden portion of the villa. Warren Baer was half Arab and his blood held the passions of a race she did not understand. Sobs shook her.

She went to her room, and with trembling fingers took rouge and touched up her cheeks. She had a part to play. She must look as though she were happy, even if her heart were breaking. She must pretend, even to Michael, now.

The meal was a nightmare to her. Tears came and she brushed them away. She felt that she was choking; she sipped at her wine fitfully, finding it the only thing which did not choke her. How the lunch dallied—so slow, so trying to her.

"By the way, I was nearly forgetting," Warren Baer was saying. "Degan Crosse and his wife are arriving by this afternoon's boat. Harding, you'd better stay and talk things over with Crosse. He'll be coming on to Beni Aza soon, but he'll want a few days in Algiers. Maybe we shall all be going South before long. I want my wife to see something of the country. You see, this is our honeymoon."

He laughed—strong, vibrant laughter.

Michael replied quietly, "Indeed!"

"There's plenty of room for you, Harding. I'll send down for your traps and we'll have a jollification this evening to celebrate the old chap's wedding. Quite an epidemic in weddings lately. You'd never have thought that old Degan would be caught, eh? Now if it had been you—a good-looking fellow like you! But I dare say we shall be hearing of yours one of these days! Some girl back in England, eh?"

That vibrant laughter rang again. Mollie shivered. Why must he talk of marrige? It made the meal intolerable to her.

And then Michael was saying: "No, there is no girl in England I care about—in fact, I'm not likely to marry."

The luncheon seemed endless to Mollie, but at last they left the table. She steeled herself for the ordeal she faced. She and Michael, she realized, must continue meeting. She did not see how she could bear it.

Toward four o'clock the boat arrived. They watched it from the veranda of the villa. The Mediterranean was like a sapphire in the sun as the graceful steamer glided into harbor, bringing more actors for her stage. There would be a woman, an Englishwoman, Mollie supposed. At least, it would help. And she would have some freedom now—to accompany her guest. Warren Baer could not keep his bride locked in a garden when another white woman came.

The car had been sent down for the guests and presently she heard the great wrought-iron gate opening beneath Hassam's hand. There was a stir on the veranda as Baer rose to greet his visitors.

Mollie's eyes were fixed on the car, and she hoped—oh, how she hoped—that the woman Degan Crosse had married would be somebody whom she could regard as a friend.

But that sleek, voluptuous body, those red, red lips! The whole exquisite, languid beauty of her. That flute-like laugh as she stepped daintily from the car. It was Lola who had arrived—Lola, the woman whose eyes reminded Mollie of a cat.

Mollie drew herself together, stepped forward and held out her hand. She was the hostess welcoming her guests—Mrs. Warren Baer who must act her part.

And she did it well. She herself showed Lola to her room and would have left at once but Lola called her back.

"Stay and talk to me, little Mollie. So now we both have the husbands, yes?"

Lola laughed, that fascinating laugh which was one of her charms, but there was behind her laughter that gentle sarcasm which Mollie knew was intended.

Mollie felt she was no match for this woman. Down in her aching heart another pain had come, a nasty, torturing pain. It had arisen when she watched Lola greet Michael.

Those wicked eyes! That provoking mouth! The catlike grace of Lola! Mollie sensed her power and knew that no man would be safe from her, even Michael. Mollie watched her, as she had watched her once before, coating those promising lips with rouge, making their curves more pronounced, more daring.

"Tell me, cherie, who is this Monsieur 'Arding?" Lola asked her. "He is a nice boy, yes? That fascinating hair—so curly, so fair. But he has the stern face, oh yes! He must be made to smile, I think. We will see what he looks like when his gray eyes they smile at Lola. Yes, I think he is ver-r-y nice!"

Mollie tried to get away. If Lola talked of Michael, she felt she could not bear it. But Lola insisted that she stay with her. "I just change my dress—yes! I put on something pretty."

A servant had opened Lola's trunks and she moved quickly over, dragged from its wrappings a jade green thing of softest silk, slipped into it and let it caress her lovely body. The sleek hair was brushed to gleaming order, her fingers loaded with barbaric rings, a green-eyed snake bracelet slipped up her arm, and Lola was ready for further conquests.

She passed her white arm through Mollie's, laughed again that fascinating laugh which was particularly her own, and said, "And now we go to our husbands, is it not so?"

She looked like some gaudy tropical bloom beside a dainty wild flower, as she and Mollie walked back to where the men were waiting for tea.

The three men rose as the women approached and Mollie noticed that Lola drew all eyes. Even her walk was a thing of allure. Without hesitation Lola made for the seat beside Michael Harding and settled down with a possessive movement and a little moue of content. Degan Crosse helped Mollie at the tea-table, while Baer looked at Lola and her monopoly of the handsome Michael with an inscrutable smile.

Mollie's hands trembled as she held the tea-pot and performed her duties as hostess. Only a few yards away the man she loved was talking to a woman she feared and she had only to raise her eyes to see that woman deliberately exercising every art to make herself attractive.

She could not hear what they were saying, for Lola's voice had taken on that low, caressing tone she used with men, but she could see those strange eyes languishing, then burning. She noticed the seductive lines of the woman as she reclined in the low chair, and she could watch Michael's response.

He was laughing, bending forward as though this woman fascinated him. He seemed anxious to please her, to enjoy her company, to hang on to her words.

Not once did Michael look at Mollie. He seemed to be avoiding her, wholly wrapped in his low conversation with Lola. He laughed several times. Yet when he brought to the table the empty cup which Lola had given him his face was sternly cold and set and the gleam in his eyes hurt Mollie.

"And now, Monsieur 'Arding, you shall show me the lovely garden. We will take a promenade, yes!"

Lazily Lola got to her feet, voluptuously. She placed one white hand within Michael's arm and the two wandered into the scented place of flowers and waving palms, Lola's laugh coming to the three who waited near the villa.

"Michael, Michael!" Mollie's heart was calling. "Oh, Michael, try to understand. Don't despise me utterly. Leave me a little of your love."

Yet what right had she to claim even the remnant of his love, when she had sold herself—yes, she knew now what she had done—sold herself to a man who could give her luxury? It hadn't seemed like that at the time, yet it must appear so to Michael. She would never forget the cold light in his eyes when he heard of her marriage. He despised her for what she had done, and, despising her, how could she hope that even a trace of love could remain of that young passion she once had inspired?

She looked at the white walls of the villa, realizing now its secret. She understood the meaning of that locked door through which she was not allowed to pass. She looked at Baer, the handsome brute-male who could claim her, and fear of the future held her.

What would happen to her?

(Continued on Page 18)

Rough red hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

Painful chapping instantly relieved

WHISPERED REMARKS . . . behind her back "Her dress is lovely—but oh, what terrible *hands!* So red and rough you can just *see* her at the washtub."

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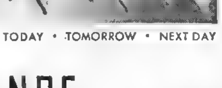
A STUNNING GOWN . . . but her hands cried "housework!"



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MRS. JONES: "Counter-irritant," what's that mean?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, a "counter-irritant" is something that draws soreness to the surface, stirs up circulation.

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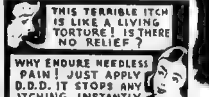

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When fighting colds make $1 do the work of $3

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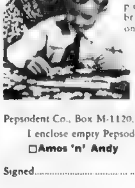

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☐ **Amos 'n' Andy** ☐ **Goldbergs**

Signed..

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

The Justice of the Desert

By Joan Kennedy

(Continued from Page 16)

She had been brought to this strange country and she was in the power of the man. Michael could not be expected to care.

She heard the deep voice of Baer: "You [illegible] Crosse, that the best plan would be for [illegible] to Beni Aza tomorrow. There is no point staying here in Algiers. We'll go South." He turned to Mollie. "You hear that, Mollie? We'll be trekking to the desert and I'll show you what this country can provide in the nature of [illegible]. You're seeing life, eh?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Baer won't like the desert," suggested Degan Crosse.

"Oh, it'll be an experience for her," replied Baer. "Nothing like the desert to teach a few lessons to a woman and man. Mollie. It may happen that the desert will teach you the meaning of [illegible]. We shall see."

Mollie shivered and looked away.

In purpling shadows the Atlas Mountains stood out, a barrier between the known and the unknown. Beyond them lay that vast [illegible] country of sand—the Sahara. How far they were to travel into the desert she did not know. Where Beni Aza might be she had no idea, but there were the copper mines in which Warren Baer held a controlling interest, and she knew that if her husband said they were to go, go they would. He had not consulted her wishes.

Footsteps came along the main drive and the laugh of a woman! Mollie turned. Lola was hanging to the arm of Michael eagerly looking up into his face.

"And so now that I know your name it is that I use it, yes, Michael? And me I shall be Lola to you. Is it not so? For we are all friends here and we go to the desert. It appeals to something [illegible] down in me. It draws me."

She threw back her gleaming head, pursed the red lips, threw into her strange eyes a light which flashed for a moment only and then was veiled sleepily. She half closed her eyes and spoke softly to Michael. "Yes, it is that we become the good friends. I have the feeling, as you say, in my thumbs!"

Michael was looking into that alluring face and Mollie heard him say, "I hope we shall be good friends, Lola."

So already they were on terms of intimacy in so short a time. Just a walk together in a garden and Lola had accomplished that much. It was plain to Mollie who watched with tortured heart, that the fascinating Lola would do her best to draw Michael into her net. What chance had she against Lola?

As the sun went down Mollie felt that she could bear no more suffering. She rose from her chair and sought her room, and there she threw herself down on a divan and wept bitterly.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned.

Outside the palms swayed and sighed, the flowers scented the garden with overpowering sweet perfume, the warmth of the day passed and a gentle breeze came in from the sea.

Mollie turned from a window and realized fully her sorrow. Day after day the ache would go on. Through her own act she had lost the man she loved. She must watch another try to win him while she was tied to a man whom she already feared—a man in whose veins ran Arab blood and whose ways held secrets which frightened her. How could she bear it? How could she live?

CHAPTER V.

In the Garden.

THAT night the interior of the villa was a scene from the Arabian Nights, and even Mollie, her heart like a stone within her, knew a thrill at its beauty. She sat at the head of the table, which gleamed with silver and flowers, impressed, in spite of her sorrow, by the power and wealth of Warren Baer.

A beautiful gown clothed her body and a rope of pearls hung about her slender throat. She knew she was beautiful. Just before she had come from her room her husband had entered. He looked at her with appraising eyes, then he suddenly had drawn her close in that fierce embrace she dreaded. His lips had closed on hers and his kisses had seemed to sear her flesh. Down, down into her very soul went that red-hot flame of revulsion, yet she remained passive.

He had held her neck within the curve of his arm a moment later and had said, looking into her eyes, "If you had half of Lola's tricks no man would stand a chance with you. But I don't know that I want you like Lola. I prefer to keep you mine."

And then again that searing kiss. He had whispered hotly into her ear of the desert to which he was taking her—of love such as he could teach her beneath the golden moon. His words had been full of poetry, pulsing with passion awakened by her soft beauty, but they had brought only fear to Mollie. She knew that here was a man who could share his love with others, that she was just a fitful passion which would burn itself out through its own ardor, maybe. That was not the love of which she had dreamed.

Warren Baer had held her backward with those long, strong hands, and he had stared at her in a strange way.

She still could feel the grip of those hands even as she sat at table, and could hear the echo of his voice, saying, "See what I have given you, little blossom—made you a rich woman, taken you from that drab life into this!"

If she could go back to Randall's Farm, she wondered, would she do so? Did this luxury and beauty count, now that her eyes were opened to her loss? She looked at Michael, bending just then towards Lola—a Lola more beautiful than ever, gay and carefree, glowing and full of allure—and she knew that only the recapture of his love would relieve the pain in her heart.

"To Beni Aza and the future!" cried Warren Baer, holding up his amber-filled glass. "To Beni Aza!"

With laughter and gay talk they planned the journey.

The meal dragged on, to ribald laughter and jokes which Mollie did not understand. Again and again glasses were filled, and faces grew flushed and voices thickened. When they left the table, at last, Mollie knew that only Michael and herself were not affected by the wine.

The others had been drinking recklessly and their voices were high-pitched, their laughter raucous. Mollie felt out of place and she slipped out into the cool night air, glad to leave behind that scented, smoky atmosphere.

She heard Michael's voice, "Well, if you don't mind, Baer, I'll clear off. I was traveling all last night, you know, and I'm rather tired."

She supposed that he had gone to bed, weary as she was of their excesses. She wondered when she could slip away, too, leaving the three to their celebration. Baer had said that they were celebrating Lola's wedding, and there had been queer laughter.

"But the husbands are fashionable," Lola had said, "so I take one, yes!"

Up and down the veranda Mollie wandered, filled with restlessness. Lola's laugh rang out again and again—rather uncontrolled now. Then would come the deep tones of Baer and then—yes, she was sure she heard it—a man's snores.

Mollie stole back to the beam of light thrown from the room where they revelled. She saw distinctly Degan Crosse drunkenly asleep in a low chair and knew that she had heard his snores. Her eyes sought the others.

Lola was standing with her head thrown back, her eyes holding that languorous look which Mollie had come to know. Cat's eyes!

Lola glided toward Warren Baer and her white arms were flung suddenly around his neck. Abandoned, voluptuously appealing, her white throat gleaming so near, her eyes glowing and her red lips pursed and waiting, Lola said softly: "Kiss me, Warren—like you used to do. He sleeps, and there is none to see. Kiss me—your Lola, whom you used to love!"

There was a pause, while Baer's inflamed eyes stared down into that lovely face so near to his and so alluring. It seemed for a moment that he would refuse.

Again came the enticing voice. "Like you used to do, Warren."

With a savage movement, Baer threw his arms around her, and like beings lost to everything else, they kissed. That savage embrace, that long, wild kiss, the shamelessness of it all made Mollie writhe with loathing. This was not love—this kiss of untrammeled passion. It was hateful, soul-sickening.

Mollie swayed with utter revulsion.

Then Lola's laugh—a throaty laugh of contentment. "Ah—but you are so strong!" Distinctly came her words, "The little Mollie, she cannot kiss like that, eh? She is not like Lola?"

She stepped down into the garden. She must get away! But the memory of the locked iron gates returned to taunt her. There was no way out of the white-walled garden. She was a prisoner.

She wandered on through the garden and the scent of violets came to her. Violets! Once she and Michael had made their vows when the white violets bloomed in an English Spring. The thought brought a choking sob and then she heard her lips calling the name of the man who once loved her.

"Michael! Michael! I can't bear it! Michael!" her heart a turmoil of bitterness and aching longing. All the future seemed to loom up—a future from which there was no escape. She was caught in a trap!

She was talking to herself. Her hands stretched out to the dimness of the night, and again she called his name.

"Michael! Michael! Can't you know that I love you—just you! Michael, I'm so unhappy, so miserable! I can't go on living if you won't understand."

The sighing palms seemed to mock her. The scented garden offered no solution of her problem. True there was no way out, not through the iron gates. But the garden was high above the white road which ran far below. She knew where the wall was highest, where the road dipped sharply far below.

There was a way out—a way which she would not have considered but for the misery which held her tonight. Better death than a living misery such as was hers.

Death! It held no terrors for her now. Life would be such horror that death offered peace.

Frantically, Mollie ran to the wall. The next moment she was pulling at the scrambling blossoms of the bourgainvillia and gained a foothold in the stones. The moon came out, lighting the scene, revealing the distraught Mollie who would throw herself from her prison.

"Michael! Michael!" she sobbed.

In another moment she would have reached the top of the wall and a second of time would have been enough for her purpose. But someone moved in the garden, crashed through the palms and was making for that figure on the wall.

Strong arms reached up.

In another moment Mollie was dragged from the wall and the blazing eyes of Michael Harding were looking down into hers.

"Mollie, what were you going to do?"

Michael's voice, his arms about her! She could stay for a moment, at least, enclosed in them. She felt so weak, so small and helpless. She did not reply, but waited with her head against his heart. She could hear it pounding.

Again came his question, "Mollie, what were you going to do?"

Mollie opened her eyes and looked up into the face of the man she loved.

"I wanted to die, Michael."

"Why?"

As he spoke, he put her from him, gently but firmly.

They stood in the moonlit garden, these two who once had meant the world to each other and only the man remembered that her marriage stood between them.

Mollie, remembering why she had been about to do this thing, remembered also the cause of her misery, and the longing for escape returned. She cried, "Michael, help me! Take me away from this."

She swayed close to him. Her eyes were wet with tears of utter misery and she was begging his help. He tried to steel his heart against her, yet in his heart he understood.

"Michael, can't you forgive me? When I thought you were dead, nothing seemed to matter. Then he was so kind to me and he helped me. I thought—oh, Michael, can't you forgive me and help me now?"

The pleading in her eyes awakened Michael's aching longing for her. He loved her, always would love her.

"Mollie!"

His arms went out and she came to them. He bent and kissed her lips.

Then Michael Harding remembered. This woman who always would live in his heart was Warren Baer's wife. A barrier stood between them. They had crushed it down for that stolen moment of sweetness, but mem-

(Continued on Page 19)

Heats and reheats itself
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without electricity
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* * whenever
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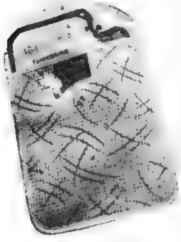

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So she has strengthened his body with plenty of the sunshine vitamin D. She has helped build up his resistance to bacterial infection with vitamin A. All by giving him Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil every day.

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☐ BLACK ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ DARK RED ☐ BLONDE

The Justice of the Desert

By Joan Kennedy

(Continued from Page 18)

ory brought back the knowledge of its presence.

He released her gently.

"Mollie," he said, "we must never forget again."

"Michael!"

"No, dear, we must never forget again. I ought to have been strong, but I was not. Only now you know I love you, dear, and you can know that I shall always love you. If it helps you, Mollie, I can tell you that. But I want you to promise me that you will never again try to die. Be brave, Mollie. There may yet be a way."

She gave her promise.

"It's going to be hard for both of us, Mollie, but I want you to know that I am always there if things go too far. But you have married him, Mollie, and we can't get away from that. I can't help you, in honor, and I'd hate the other way—for you and me."

She touched his arm, looking up into his stern, yet gentle face.

"Yes, Michael," she began, and would have said more, but a sound from the shadows of the garden interrupted her. They were standing in full moonshine. Now somebody moved in the shadows, stepped into the white light near the wall.

There came a laugh—the laugh of a woman — and Lola approached, her face inscrutable, her eyes half veiled. Had she seen?

"Ciel! But I think you two have chosen the nicest spot," Lola cried, a tiny rasp to her honeyed voice. "It is hot and stuffy in the rooms tonight, but beautiful here in the garden."

The moon caressed her sinuous body, and her red lips pouted. "And I thought the little Michael had gone to bed because he was tired," she said, and added, "but I am forgetting. It is that Warren is calling for you, Mollie. And I promised that I would send you in if I could find you in the garden. I do not think I would make him cross tonight, if I were you. He is not—not nice when he is cross. Tomorrow we all go to this desert, you see, and it is time all the good little girls they go to bed."

Mollie hesitated. Should she leave Michael in the garden with Lola? But that did not matter now.

She said good-night quietly and moved away. If her husband wanted her she must go. This farce! How could she keep it up now?

But she went slowly towards the villa. And two people by the wall watched her as she vanished through the palms. In the gray eyes of the man was a great longing. In the unveiled eyes of the woman was a something which would have made the girl afraid, had she seen. Antagonism, hatred, spite were there.

Lola watched her vanish without troubling to hide her feelings. Then she turned to Michael.

"Well?" she queried.

He looked into the white face, which he could not read.

"Well?" she queried again. And then, "You are doing a dangerous thing, I think, little Michael, when you interfere with the property of our friend, Warren Baer. I do not think you are so wise a young man as you look."

So she had seen their kiss. This beautiful woman knew their secret.

Lola went on: "Yes, it is a dangerous thing you do, little Michael. Warren Baer is powerful and wealthy—more powerful than perhaps you know. He does not regard human life as you and I regard it, maybe. He has ways of clearing from his path any man who may be in his way. He could crush you as a fly is crushed—one moment alive and the next dead! Pouf!"

She pressed her finger and thumb together with an expressive snap.

"But he need never know anything, Lola, if you do not tell. Surely you wouldn't do that!"

"Maybe I would, maybe I would not!" She laughed. Then she came close. "You would be so young to die, little Michael, who has not yet tasted life and love. You are so young and so handsome. It would be—well, not nice to see your so beautiful body crushed as the fly is crushed. It would hurt Lola—perhaps."

She leaned toward him, looking into his set face.

"Then you'll keep it to yourself, Lola?" he asked.

Softly she said, "Tomorrow we go to the desert. The desert is the place for love. When we reach the desert it may be that Lola will tell you something. For the moment she will be silent—very silent. Not one little word to Warren Baer, who would be so angry if he knew, so very angry."

"Thank you!" said Michael.

Lola looked at him. "But in the desert it may be that Lola will ask a price for her silence. It may be that Lola will show you a way by which you close her lips, Michael. We will wait and see what the desert tells us—that is best. The desert holds many mysteries—even the key to a woman's silence."

The desert! Did it hold the solution of all their problems?

The next morning Mollie stood at her window watching the sunrise. In violet shadow, the mountains still slept, hiding the desert they guarded.

Before another dawn they would be beyond the mountains, out where the desert lay in mystery. But Michael would be there. She would not be without a friend. Her blue eyes softened at the thought of him.

A figure moved in the garden below her, a white shrouded figure which bent to the earth, hands outspread, reverent, silent. An Arab was praying to Allah.

Mollie moved nearer to the balcony, glad for the warmth which already the quickly rising sun had brought to the morning, and some minutes later the Arab came walking along the garden path.

She saw that he was young and lithe, that he had the dark eyes of his race, that he looked kind, and she spoke to him gently.

The Arab stood still just below her, looking up with what seemed to Mollie worship of herself. "Madame rises with the sun?" he said quietly. "It is the best of the day—the beautiful morning."

He told her that his name was Abdullah and that he was glad this was the day they would leave for the desert. "Madame will love the desert," he said. "In the desert one finds peace. It is so."

In his dark eyes she seemed to see understanding. Might it be as he said, that in the desert she would find peace? Did the Sahara hold the solution of her problem?

"You love the desert, Abdullah?" she queried.

A glow came to the dark eyes. "It is there that my love waits for me," he replied. "She is beautiful as the moon which comes up behind the palm trees, her lips are like the pomegranates, her eyes are jewels, her hair is scented as the flowers are scented and her voice is as the little bells which tinkle across the desert when the caravans come home."

Mollie smiled. "You are a poet, Abdullah," she said.

The Arab showed his white teeth in a smile. "When Madame sees Zaza," he said, "she will know that I speak truly. There is no desert maid so beautiful as Zaza, the beloved of Abdullah. And my feet ache to reach the desert again that I may see my love."

Mollie sighed.

"Madame must not be sad," said the Arab softly. "Listen to Abdullah, who tells the lovely lady that she will find heart's peace in the end. Abdullah knows. He has read it in the sand. And he will watch over his Madame always."

"Thank you, Abdullah!"

Tears came to her eyes. In this Arab youth she felt she had a friend. Something honest in the dark eyes, a faithfulness she did not understand; the half-spoken sympathy, helped her. She looked again to the mountains, but this time she did not sigh. There would be Abdullah, and there would be Michael. She would not be alone in that mysterious country. The thought brought comfort.

Sounds in the villa told her of a general awakening. They were to leave by 9 o'clock, making the first stage South by train. She slipped back into her room, now bathed in the soft sunshine of early morning. Warren Baer stood there.

Aggressively sure of himself, powerful, he laughed as he saw her instinctive shrinking, and his big arms went out and caught her.

"Say good-morning to your husband, like a good wife," he said, his fingers pinching into her soft flesh, hurting deliberately, seeking to make her feel his power over her.

"Good-morning, Warren," she repeated obediently.

The dark eyes gleamed down at her, seeing her shrinking fear of him, and he laughed again. Then, with one quick movement, he swung her up, held her so, laughed again, then set her down just as quickly and pushed her from him.

"You've a lot to learn. Wait till we get out into the desert and I'll teach you something."

He left her and Mollie stood quivering, her arms tingling where his fingers had held her.

The desert! What did it hold for her?

She stared with wild eyes into the garden. "Oh, I daren't go!" she cried. "I'm afraid—afraid!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Sweet Vengeance

by Marylyn Tomson

(Continued from Page 14)

She thought angrily, "He's laughing at me!"

And again there was silence.

The scarf Jenny had tied to the hedge was like a piece of dropped moonlight. Very white it showed against the blackness of the surrounding bushes. Peg-tops was no longer whining. "You'll find her over there," Jenny whispered.

Jason merely nodded. He hurried off. She saw him part the bushes and disappear into the opening. And for a long time she saw nothing else.

Cold with fear that something had happened to the dog, she crept closer. She was very close before she heard his voice. And it was so unlike any voice she had ever associated with Jason she was amazed. Soft, as gentle as a woman's. "Poor old girl," he was saying. "What's happened to her? But it will be all right in a minute . . . Steady there, Peg-tops." And answering him came a dog's faint whimper of delight.

Jenny stepped out of earshot. Quickly. Her eyes felt hard and gritty behind, like sandpaper.

Some minutes later Jason emerged with the dog in his arms. Peg-tops rested against him, no longer whimpering, her head on Jason's shoulder.

"I think she'll be all right," his voice was hoarse, slightly unsteady.

"I hope so," murmured Jenny.

He said simply, "So do I."

Jenny couldn't resist saying, "You're mighty fond of the dog, aren't you?"

He didn't reply immediately. But at last he said, "I am. But I guess it's mainly selfishness. You see, Peg-tops really cares for me."

"Is that so very difficult?" Jenny asked quietly. Afterwards she could have bitten out her tongue.

"You, at any rate, seem to find it so!" And his smile in the moonlight was grim.

Jenny felt herself color. Even the lobes of her ears were stinging. She was glad of the darkness.

"If I'd had an ounce of sense I would have brought the auto," Jason said angrily, as they started once more down the road. "You must be tired."

"Not at all," she insisted. Yet she was. Achingly tired in every limb. But she knew she would never tell him. She's rather drop dead from exhaustion.

Later, as they stood before the white gate that wouldn't quite shut, he said, "You've been very . . . kind about all this, Miss Jerome. You've done such a lot."

She asked sharply, "Wouldn't anyone have done the same?"

He stood looking down at her. She grew uncomfortable under his steady gaze. "I don't think so," he said quietly. "Good-night."

Jenny went inside. She leaned against the closed door. An intense weariness was in her attitude. And her dark eyes were smudged. Yet something a little desperate shone out of them. She thought, "He's mean. Of course he's mean. I . . . I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm imagining things. I was even beginning to imagine he was nice. And I mustn't . . . I mustn't."

She felt this keenly, though she couldn't have told you why. Almost as though she were afraid. She closed her eyes. Now the tears were in them. "Jenefer Prudence," she told herself sternly, "stop being a fool and go to bed. You're tired. That's what the trouble is. Tomorrow . . . tomorrow you can begin hating him all over again!"

* * *

"I guess you and Magda will be making preparations for your wedding soon. Though, of course, it must be a very quiet wedding. Our recent bereavement . . ."

"Yes, yes, naturally," Jason said hurriedly. He saw his mother was on the verge of becoming tearful. She was sitting up in bed. In a white frilly bed jacket and white boudoir cap she was rather like an animated jelly fish. Jason had come in, as usual, to say good-morning while she had her breakfast. She always said, "It's so stupid my getting up for breakfast. I eat so little!" Yet on her tray at the moment was half a grapefruit, a large sized omelet, a silver dish of buttered toast, a steaming jug of hot chocolate. "Since our recent tragedy I can't eat a thing!" was another of her illusions.

"Still, I think you ought to be making plans," she insisted. "I was talking to Mrs. Trevelan yesterday . . ."

"It's a pity Magda and I are necessary. I'm sure you and Mrs. Trevelan could run the whole show much better without us!" Jason remarked somewhat tartly. "Steady there," he thought, angry with himself the next moment. "You've been letting your temper get the better of you lately. What's come over you?"

Yes, what had come over him? He was naggingly conscious of a general dissatisfaction with everything. Especially with the idea of his marriage to Magda. Sometimes he wondered just why he had asked Magda to marry him. "But, did I really ask her?" he thought. "Rather weren't we both too indifferent to do anything about it when her mother and mine arranged it for us? Yet that was no excuse. A man's a fool to let anyone run his life for him!"

Granted. Yet does the realization help your temper? Most certainly not. He wondered how Magda felt about it? He wished he knew. He wished for once she'd stop being flippant and get down to essentials. He liked and admired her. And, of course, it was suitable. But he thought savagely, "I don't want a suitable wife. I want . . ."

Yet the odd part was he didn't know what he did want. Or he wouldn't face it. Purposely his thoughts stopped there. Like going along a winding track and losing your way in the mountain mists. Then somewhere, through the mists, he found himself thinking of Jenny. He couldn't have told you how she had come into his mind. But suddenly and surprisingly she was there. Very much there. Jenny with her very dark hair and very dark eyes . . . hating him! Jenny with her littleness and vague childishness. Jenny slinging remarks at him, trying to hurt him.

Did she succeed? He would admit she did . . . Jenny tramping along beside him down the highway through the pale steel moonlight, refusing to let him help her, refusing to let him touch her even. So very hard and independent. Yet she had run well over a mile because she had found a dog caught in a trap!

"Why don't you go and see Miss Jerome, mother?" he heard himself say.

"Go and see that girl?" she demanded, making little explosive sounds of horrified incredulity.

"I think you're misjudging her," he insisted quietly.

"Misjudging her?" The little explosive sounds were more distinct now. "But I thought you agreed . . ."

"I know. But lately I've been wondering if I wasn't rather a foolish young prig." Jason's lips twisted wryly. He crossed to the window and drew a cigarette from his case.

Mrs. Denning opened her china blue eyes very wide and blinked.

"My dear boy," she said. "My dear boy, how can you suggest that I, your mother, should . . ." But perhaps something in Jason's attitude warned her. She ended tearfully. "Were Robin alive he would never have dreamed of suggesting I call upon a girl like that!"

"Yet Robin didn't seem averse to calling upon her himself," Jason couldn't resist reminding her.

"There you are again, maligning your dead brother," Mrs. Denning stormed. "When everyone knows it wasn't in any way dear Robin's fault! A mere boy like that in the hands of a designing, scheming . . ."

"I really don't see the point in continuing this discussion," Jason said evenly. "I'll see you at lunch, mother."

He walked out of the room, closing the door behind him. On the surface he seemed calm enough, but his hand on the door knob shook. Why should hearing his mother malign Jenny upset him like this? He thought, "They're unfair to her." Yet it occurred to him now that perhaps he had been the most unfair of them all.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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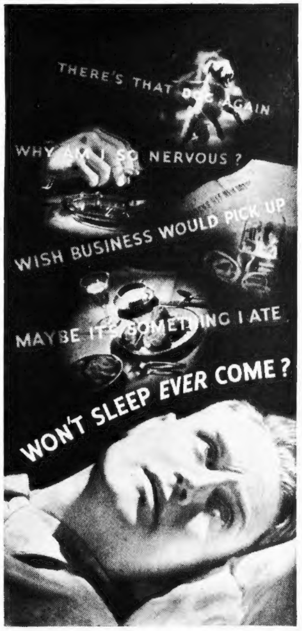
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ARE you a restless sleeper? Do you often toss and turn for hours before you fall asleep? Or do you wake up in the middle of the night and then find it almost impossible to get back to sleep again?

If so, here's the solution to your problem. A *safe* solution that thousands have adopted, largely on physicians' advice.

For scientific research has determined the outstanding reasons for sleeplessness. Has revealed that most sleep troubles are caused by three specific things.

These causes are: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest and (3) nervous irritability. And science has also evolved a way of combating all three causes of sleeplessness *at their source*.

You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as soundly as a child. No more waking in the dead of night! No more tossing and "counting sheep."

In the morning, you awaken vastly refreshed—with quiet nerves and a mind that's fresh and clear. Filled with an abundance of new energy that lasts straight through the day.

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First: Ovaltine combats mental over-activity, which often keeps you lying awake and worrying when you're trying to get to sleep. It does this by drawing excess blood away from the head.

Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation. Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. *Try it and see for yourself.*

See how quickly you fall asleep at night—how much fresher you feel next day.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits you obtain. Note how it builds up and maintains your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night—how vitality multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Or, if you wish, send the coupon (at right) for a generous trial supply.

Mix two to four teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you get into bed. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. And feel like a new person in the morning.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

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Thanksgiving In the Modern Manner

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ALL signs point to an old-fashioned home Thanksgiving, this year of 1932! It is more thrifty to cook at home than to lay down even a moderate cover charge in country club or cafe; and certainly the finest concoction of the chef will never equal the simplest dinner which has been prepared with gratitude and served with a ritual of love.

However, there is no need to keep Thanksgiving in the grand manner! The groaning holiday boards have given place to simple settings, well chosen dishes, and avoidance of every kind of duplication and ornamentation. That dinner is most enjoyed where each course acts as a foil and contrast with the preceding and following, where sweet is pointed up by sour, where rich meat is balanced by acid sauce, where hot dish is followed by cooling vegetable or salad.

The new Thanksgiving dinner does not demand turkey as its essential dish, delicious though that be, for there are many other meats equally suitable when you can't have turkey. Among them are:

RABBIT—as a Rabbit Pie; Rabbit Stew; Rabbit Casserole with Potato Puff.

HAM—as a Baked Whole Ham; Baked Fresh Ham; Baked Ham Slice.

PORK—as a Crown Roast; Loin and Tenderloin; Spareribs with Stuffing; Pork Shoulder.

BEEF—Loin of Beef; Rolled Ribs; Beef and Kidney Pie; Roast Tenderloin.

VEAL—Stuffed Shoulder; Veal and Ham Pastry Pie; Veal Cutlets in Casserole with Mushrooms.

OYSTERS—Oyster Pie with Pastry Crust; Oyster Stew with Dumplings; Oyster Scallop.

BEEF TONGUE—Tongue with Casserole of Vegetables; Steamed with Raisin Sauce.

This does not include the poultry such as fowl, guinea-hen, squab, etc., which, for a "twosome" dinner, or a small family, may indeed be less costly than turkey. Again, think of the fuel cost when planning the holiday feast: if several foods can be cooked in the one gas oven, well and good; but perhaps it will be best to use the top-burners and make the dinner of the pot-roast type; or use one of the new, convenient electric casseroles which connect with any utility outlet and which, on "low," enable the cooking of any meat of four pounds or less, or similar amount of other foods. An entirely electric dinner is quite possible for the family of two or four, using some form of electric table stove or grill, an electric casserole, or chafing dish.

Avoid duplicate foods. The most common error is to plan a dinner including baked sweets, a milk or cream soup, a starchy vegetable like parsnips, and to end with, of course, the traditional starchy custard pie. If any rich meat forms the main course, then the best start is a fruit appetizer; if a milk soup is used as a first course, then be sure and have only one other starchy vegetable or dessert; include one or more relishes, or a cooling sherbet after the meat; if serving is a question, select a vegetable which is easy to serve, such as string beans, peas, mashed turnips—and not attempt broccoli, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, etc., which must be served *pronto*, or otherwise they discolor and become coarse.

In other years, when I have seen from thirty to forty guests sit down at my family Thanksgiving table, I included a decorative salad; then I found that this was the one course with which the Thanksgiving dinner could most easily dispense, as guests only toyed with it and wasted it. If a cream soup is first offered, the "edge" of the appetite is dulled—which may be desirable if the meat is expensive or the hostess wishes the guests to eat less of the succeeding dishes!. And if the first three courses are hearty, then the dessert may, indeed should be, light, and not overtaxing. Let's follow this counsel out practically in the following menus selected for variety and low cost:

MENU 1

Grapefruit-Orange-Mint
Fruit Cup
Casserole of Domestic Rabbit
with Mashed Potato Crust
String Beans or Spinach or
Broccoli
Chestnut, Pumpkin or Butter-
scotch Pie
Coffee Nuts Fruit

MENU 2

Pineapple-Cider Cup
Scalloped Sweets Maple Sauce
Baked Ham Slice
Stuffed Peppers
Mincemeat Tarts or Pastry Shells
Cheese Coffee Fruits

MENU 3

Cream Soup (Corn, Asparagus,
Pea or Oyster)
Stuffed Breast of Veal
Browned Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts
Cranberry Spice
Plum Pudding Gelatin
Cider Coffee

MENU 4

Cranberry, Raisin and Pineapple
Cup
Oyster Scallop with Dumplings
Baked Small Onions and Canned
Tomatoes
Baked Apples Stuffed with
Mincemeat
Cheese Coffee Nuts Fruit

MENU 5

Raw Shellfish and Cocktail Sauce
Beef and Kidney Pie under
Pastry Crust
Spinach, Beets or Shredded
Cabbage
Apple, Lemon or Pineapple Pie
or Baked Dessert

These are only the fundamental balance of each menu; they would be sufficient and satisfying if prepared and eaten as they are. But they can be embroidered by including celery and olives, a very simple green salad, or a cooling sherbet after each meat. Here one may use the automatic refrigerator to great advantage: making a chill sherbet out of tomato juice, pineapple, lime juice, grape or cranberry juice, freezing to a mush, and serving in small glasses with the meat course.

I have mentioned several forms of pie because this is one of the good old-fashioned dishes for any traditional festive dinner. Even simple ingredients become dressy when topped with a pastry crust, pricked into a fancy design, and surmounted with an edge or collar of puff paste. Even a well made and mashed crust of potatoes, if baked carefully, adds dignity to plain foods, at little expense. Try a rabbit pie, a beef pie, a ham and veal pie—topped by mashed potato—at Thanksgiving or any other time!

Surely no need to urge that many of the small details be attended to several days in advance—shelling of nuts, picking over of dried fruits, getting out the best china, checking over the pans and dishes and utensils, seeing that the linen is in order and, above all, that staple foods and ingredients are on hand in plenty. And if this is to be an old-fashioned dinner, let as much of it as possible be "hand-craft" work. Why buy shelled nuts when a whole lot of the fun comes from shelling nuts oneself? Why buy a bottled cocktail sauce when a lemon, a spoon of catsup and a dash of horseradish will make a fresh sauce with infinitely fresher flavor? Let freshness be the key to this return to old-fashioned meals—making things oneself, letting the children help, getting a lot of smells and flavor and fragrance into the kitchen!

Some one of these days women will wake up to see how they have almost lost one of their chief holds over men—as cooks and guardians of the hearth! Eating is, or should be, a ritual—and to men especially. It is one of their major indoor recreations. Thanksgiving is one meal where flavor should rule! Make dinner simple—but savory!

OYSTER DUMPLINGS—Two dozen oysters, 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter. Strain liquor from oysters, measure, and add enough water to make 1 quart. Add to this the milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let this broth come to a boil. For the dumplings combine 1 well beaten egg, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Drop this soft batter in small teaspoons into the hot broth, cover, and cook 10 minutes. Then add the oysters, cover again and cook 3 minutes longer. Serve in large platters with toasted oyster crackers and celery hearts filled with snappy soft cheese paste as first course.

RABBIT CASSEROLE WITH POTATO BLANKET—One or two rabbits cut in pieces and rolled in seasoned flour. Brown or saute in hot casserole until even brown all over, then transfer to a hot casserole. Cover with ½ cup boiling stock or water. Cover, and cook in moderate oven 1½ hours or until tender. Remove meat and thicken gravy slightly with flour, add few drops Worcestershire, lemon juice and minced parsley. Return meat to casserole. Cover with well mashed, seasoned and buttered potatoes. Brown in oven. (A milk sauce may be preferred on the domestic rabbit, since this is whiter, and more like chicken.)

NEW ENGLAND HAM SLICE—One slice smoked ham, ¾ inch thick, ¾ cup cream, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 4 tablespoons molasses. Lay ham in very hot skillet and spread with 1 teaspoon each cream, mustard and molasses. Turn when brown, and spread lower side with same amount of ingredients. Cover and cook until tender (about 30-40 minutes). When slice is tender, cover with remaining cream, molasses and mustard to make a rich gravy. Continue simmering for 5 minutes. Serve on very hot platter and garnish with slices of orange and watercress. Do not have the gravy too oily.

By "Kiki"—Queen of the Paris Artists' Studios

(Continued from Double Page.)

Marly, died early, having drained the cup of Folly to its bitter dregs.

Following my ill-starred venture at the Concert Mayol, I filled a brief engagement at Berlin as a singer of underworld songs, returning afterwards to Montparnasse, where I found things had changed little since my brief absence. I was at home again in the Paris Latin Quarter, where scandals, crimes, suicides are always the order of the day in the "capital of Bohemia."

At one of the oldest and most popular Montparnasse resorts, I was surprised to see new faces among the cafe's personnel and learned that virtually the entire staff of the place had been arrested. It seems that M. Miquel, proprietor of the Rotonde, had noticed his business was not paying in proportion to the number of customers. Making investigations, he discovered his trusted maitre d'hotel, Emile Hautefeuille, together with two cashiers, Mlles. Pauline Allibert and Anna Ada, and five waiters—Maurice Pelletier, Emile Meuchy, Joseph Raymond, F. Bergaud and Henri Raymond—were making away with his profits. For the last two years they had systematically looted the cafe out of about 1,000 francs daily, employing a cleverly worked scheme of keeping for themselves the major portion of each patron's bill. The culprits confessed to Police Inspector Casanova they had defrauded the Rotonde out of 700,000 francs.

About the same time as the Rotonde offenders were locked up, a notorious band of burglars, known as "Les Grimpeurs de Montparno," was jailed. They conducted plundering expeditions throughout the Quarter for months, squandering their ill-gotten wealth in wild revels in the drinking shops of the Rue de la Gaite. M. Badin, police commissary, had the honor of at last bringing these bandits to justice.

In this connection, I might state that M. Maucuer, ringleader of the robbers who broke into the Saint-Barnabe post-office last April, was nabbed in Montparnasse, on August 10, 1932, while paying a visit to his lady-love, Mlle. Elisa Carbonel, a charming creature dwelling in our midst at No. 133 Avenue du Maine. And here is the place to say a word about M. Faustin Grenier, a diamond merchant well known in local cabarets, who was robbed of 50,000 francs' worth of precious stones during a tete-a-tete with a pretty blonde at No. 62 Faubourg Montmartre.

In regard to recent suicides here, there was that of the talented young English painter, James Carroll, who shot himself in his studio on the Avenue de Chatillon. For some time he had been a prey to morbid fancies, and he was also known to have been in financial difficulties. A few years ago I remember when he tried to end it all by jumping in the Seine, but was rescued. Poor Carroll was buried at the Cemetery of Thais.

Some weeks previous to Carroll's death, a street-singer named Adam Tivorkowski—celebrated for his rollicking ballads—was found asphyxiated in a cheap lodging house on the Rue Vercingetorix. In a farewell letter to the world, he willed two pictures on his wall to the police commissary, his other effects to the police agents of the district, and his debts, which amounted to 2,400 francs, to one of his friends.

And as I write this, news comes to me of a double tragedy in a studio in the Rue Vercingetorix. The bodies of two Americans, George Nevers, of Chicago, and John Matthews, of New York, were found seated opposite each other in chairs, their right hands clasped in a fatal suicide pact. The two men had slashed their left wrists with razor blades and held them in a pail of tepid water, mingling their flowing blood as life ebbed away. The studios of these unfortunate, discouraged artists is one of a row of similar modest ateliers in a narrow, blind alley inhabited by many American, English and French painters.

The concierge of the building pointed out to the other artists lodging there the thoughtful consideration the suicides had shown in catching their ebbing blood in a bucket of water and thus sparing her the trouble of cleaning up a mess. She hoped this thoughtful act would not be lost upon other lodgers who might also be considering taking themselves out of the world.

As for "drames d'amour," they never go out of fashion on the Left Bank, yet they have been so numerous of late that I can hardly keep track of them. Here is the most recent—a typical one that took place last week. It happened just after my return from Saint-Tropez, on the Mediterranean, where I sang breezy songs for the natives at the Escale Cafe, bet on the cockroach races, and won two prizes at a masked ball—one was a macaroni necklace, the other a modish "fur" made out of paper.

The love drama in question occurred in front of an ill-famed night establishment on the Boulevard Edgar-Quinet. Charles Cremona, a Corsican by birth and croupier by profession, had taxied here early on the Sabbath day (about six in the morning) to pay his devotions to Mlle. Paulette Rousseau—a dancing divinity familiarly referred to as the "Foolish Virgin" by her adorers—and to take her on an auto-trip into the country.

At the door of the dive the croupier was accosted by a man, Henri Guiton by name, who said he was Paulette's lover and told Cremona to quit paying attentions to the girl. The hot-tempered Corsican commenced cursing and then tried to push him aside, but Guiton pulled out a revolver, fired several shots at his rival, and fled. Today the croupier is lying dangerously ill at the Necker Hospital with a bullet-wound in the region of the heart, his assailant is languishing in prison, while the "Foolish Virgin," thanks to the publicity given the shooting, is dancing to packed houses. She has more worshipers than ever and her votaries even talk of making her Queen of the Latin Quarter next year.

Verily, there is only one Montparnasse in the world, and I love it—even though a visiting savant from America, Dr. Millard Fillmore Osman, formerly a professor of Columbia University, called it an "open insane asylum."

THE END.

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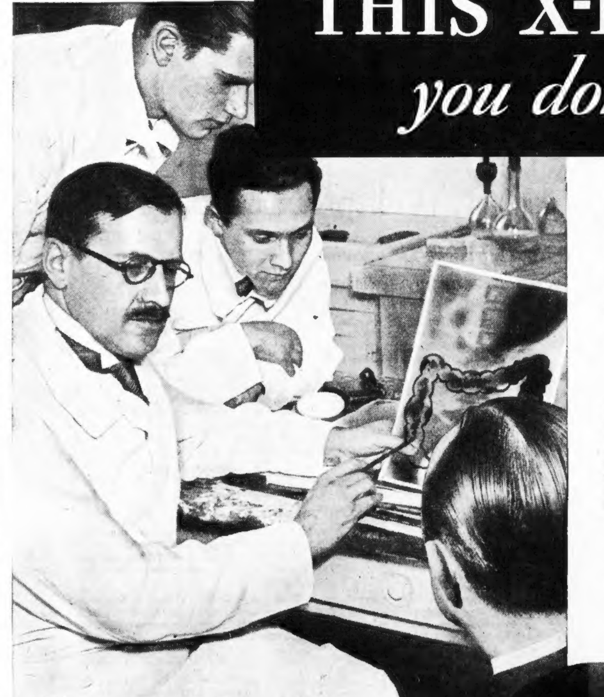
MOTORISTS WISE — SIMONIZ

"THIS X-RAY *shows why you don't feel well!*"



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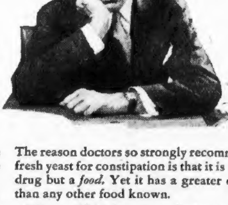
DR. ANDRÉ CAIN, head of the Hospice d'Ivry, 3000-bed French hospital, states: "Wastes accumulated in the intestines . . . lead to headaches, drowsiness, lack of appetite, etc. . ." Fresh yeast strengthens intestines . . . corrects constipation naturally.

DR. CAIN, head of a very well-known Paris Hospital, explains the effect of *'Tired' Intestines*



That "no good" feeling usually means intestines need attention

IF YOU DON'T FEEL WELL, there is one thing to suspect before anything else . . . *CONSTIPATION!*

Here is the case of a young man who was so seriously run-down from this trouble that in the words of Dr. André Cain, the noted French medical authority, "he was absolutely unfit for work."

As Dr. Cain explains:—

"The patient came to me for examination. His condition was made worse by persistent skin eruptions—boils.

"I went over him carefully—had radiographs [X-rays] made. They revealed intestinal fatigue—weakened bowel action.

"I prescribed yeast. It completely corrected the constipation, and in three weeks not a single skin blemish remained."

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). It's very rich, you know, in vitamins B, G and D.

The reason doctors so strongly recommend fresh yeast for constipation is that it is not a drug but a *food.* Yet it has a greater effect than any other food known.

It "tones." Stimulates. Actually strengthens the natural action of the body that helps you eliminate wastes. It also softens these wastes so they can be cleared away more easily.

Thus intestines are gently urged to *help themselves.* Purgatives are no longer necessary. And as your system starts to function normally, appetite increases, strength picks up . . . harassing minor ailments—colds, headaches, etc.—less often occur.

Try Fleischmann's Yeast today!

Act now . . . to get rid of constipation . . . listlessness . . . bad skin . . . indigestion. It's so easy! Just eat 3 cakes of fresh yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

Simply ask for *Fleischmann's* Yeast, in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—*the kind doctors advise.*

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your regular diet—starting today!

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is a Remarkable Health Food thousands eat regularly— 3 Cakes a Day!

Your

baby

is in Danger!

IN SPITE of all her love and care, a mother may injure her baby by taking the wrong treatment for constipation while she is nursing. Medicinal laxatives are carried by her milk direct to her baby's tiny body. That is why doctors advise drugless Nujol which does not affect the mother's milk in any way. For the same reason Nujol is of great value during pregnancy, when the mother's own blood is directly connected with that of her unborn child. Any laxative drug that enters her blood is carried direct to her baby.

Indeed during all of a woman's life (and particularly during the periodically difficult days each month) Nujol is the ideal way gently and surely to relieve constipation. It cannot possibly hurt you—it forms no habit—it cannot make you fat. You see, Nujol is not a drug or a medicine at all, but just a natural lubricant. It absorbs and helps to carry away the waste poisons of the body. By refusing to take a chance on your baby's health, you learn the priceless lesson of how to keep yourself well!

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FREE

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2 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me FREE booklet, "Before and After Baby Comes."

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Good Desserts That Are Not Expensive

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Sour Milk Ginger Cake with Orange Sauce.

BEAT 1 egg, add ½ cup sugar, ⅓ cup molasses and 1 cup sour milk and mix well. Mix and sift 2 cups soft wheat flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¾ teaspoon ginger, ¾ teaspoon nutmeg and ⅓ teaspoon cinnamon. Add to the first mixture, beating constantly. Add 3 tablespoons melted butter. Beat well. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, for 3 hours. Cut in pieces and serve with orange marshmallow sauce.

Orange Marshmallow Sauce.

SLICE ¼ pound marshmallows. Mix with the juice and grated rind of 1 orange and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Let stand about an hour. Put 1 egg white, 3 tablespoons cold water, ⅞ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar in top of double boiler, cook over hot water, beating vigorously for 7 minutes. Pour over the marshmallows, mix well and let stand until cool. Just before serving fold in 1 cup of cream, beaten until stiff.

Date Nut Pudding.

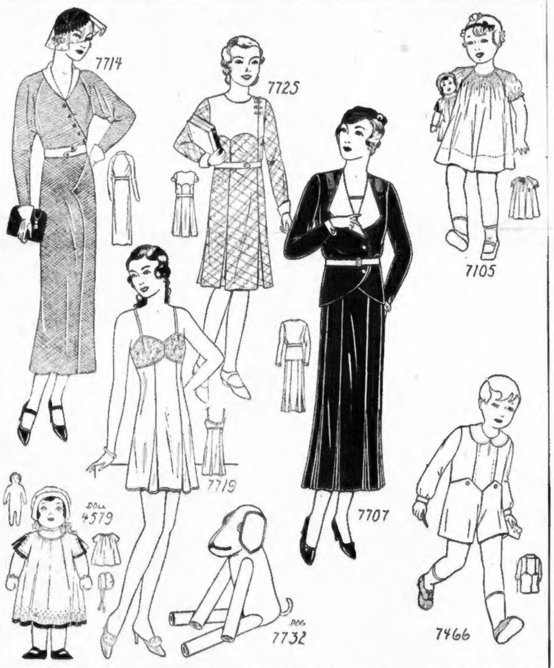
BEAT 1 egg and add 1 cup sugar, ½ cup milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla and mix well. Chop 1 cup dates. Break 1 cup walnuts in pieces. Add to 1 cup flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Combine with egg mixture. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Turn into greased individual molds, filling the molds about two-thirds full. Set in a pan of hot water. Cover the pan. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 250 degrees, for 3 to 5 hours. Serve with plain or whipped cream or ice cream.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal with Cream, Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal, Cream Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Plain Omelet, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Cereal, Rolls, Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Sally Lunn, Apricot Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Oatmeal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit or Tomato Juice, Sausage and Egg Omelet, Apple Sauce, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon Eggs a la King or Baked Macaroni, Tomato Jelly Salad, Rolls, Tea.	*Luncheon* Green Pea Soup, Toast Strips, Chocolate Layer Cake, Tea.	*Luncheon* Stuffed Baked Peppers or Spaghetti a la Virginia, Jellied Fruit Salad, Reheated Rolls, Hermits, Tea.	*Dinner* Tomato Juice Cocktail, Roast Turkey or Chicken, Bread or Chestnut Stuffing, Rice, Brussels Sprouts, Cranberry Jelly, Heart Lettuce Salad, Wafers, Pumpkin Pie, Coffee, Nuts, Raisins, Candies.	*Luncheon* Rich Vegetable Soup, Corn Bread Sticks, Prune Pie, Hot Fruit Punch.	*Luncheon* Succotash with Spare Ribs, Buttermilk Tea Biscuits, Fruit, Tea.	*Dinner* Emergency Consomme, Baked Capon, Creamed Artichokes, Boiled Onions, Cranberry Sauce, Celery, Apple Pie, Cheese, Coffee.
Dinner Roast Loin of Pork with Sweet Potatoes, Scalloped Cabbage, Beet Relish, Caramel Brown Betty with Lemon Sauce.	*Dinner* American Chop Suey (Left-Over Pork), Steamed Rice, Buttered Green Vegetable, Ginger Custard, Chinese Nuts.	*Dinner* Roast Lamb with Brown Potatoes, Baked Onions, Mint Jelly, Romaine Salad, French Dressing, Orange Meringue Pie.	*Supper* Toast, Hot Fruit Punch.	*Dinner* *(Company)* Oysters Mornay, Pineapple and Chickory Salad (Irish Style), Dutch Cake, Half Cups Coffee.	*Dinner* Broiled Beef Balls, Brown Gravy, Steamed Rice or Noodles, Buttered Broccoli, One-Two-Three Dessert with Whipped Cream.	*Supper* French Toast, Marmalade, Fruit Trifle, Cup Cakes, Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns



A STYLISH FROCK (7714). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 if made as in the large view will require 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material 39 inches wide.

A PLEASING SCHOOL DRESS (7725). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 1¼ yards of 54-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting material, if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves, 1¼ yards.

A SMART TWO-PIECE MODEL FOR THE LARGER WOMEN WITH SLENDER HIPS (7707). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 if made as in the large view will require 4⅝ yards of 39-inch material and ⅞ yard of contrasting material.

A NEW BRASSIERE AND STEP-IN CHEMISE (7719). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 1⅝ yards of 39-inch material, together with 1⅛ yards of lace or net at least 8 inches wide, for the brassiere if made as in the large view.

DOLL OUTFIT (4579). Designed in 3 sizes for dolls, 12, 16 and 20 inches in length. To make the doll in a 16-inch size requires ⅓ yard of 36-inch material. The dress and cap require ⅞ yard. The cap alone requires ¼ yard.

A QUAINT NURSERY TOY (7732). Designed in 1 size: 18 inches long. It will require ⅝ yard of material 32 inches wide.

BOY'S SUIT (7466). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size of one material requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material. The trousers of contrasting material requires 1 yard 40 inches wide. The waist, 1¼ yards.

GIRL'S DRESS (7105). Designed in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size requires 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material. The bow of ribbon requires 1 yard.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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If you desire a copy of our NEW WINTER BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker, send 10 cents in coin to American Weekly Patterns, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DAMP-SET

your own wave

It works on hair of any texture. On any wave, natural or permanent. And takes but two minutes! Without even disarranging your coiffure, *damp-setting* will revive your wave, remove ugly oil and give your hair dazzling new lustre you never thought possible!

★

Hollywood is wildly enthusiastic over *damp-setting*—the amazing treatment discovered by Beatrice Mabie, hairdresser for United Artists Studios. You will be, too. For it saves hours spent in beauty parlors. Keeps the wave, and keeps the hair fastidiously clean. And is so easy! So quick!

All you need for damp-setting is a tiny sponge or bit of cotton for a "pat," and about an ounce of Danderine in a small bowl or cup. (If you have no Danderine in the house, a bottle costs you only thirty-five cents at any drug store.) Then do this, with your hair combed as you always wear it: damp-set the waves by patting Danderine on the hair between them. Do not rub. Pat backward where the wave goes back; forward where it comes toward the front. Keep the pat just damp; never wet.

What a glorious change this two-minute treatment makes! Instantly, it revives the original ripple of your wave. And if you watch the pat as you use it, you'll know why damp-setting imparts to hair such sheen and lustre. You can actually see the grease and oil lifted off by Danderine's solvent action.

Take two minutes a week to damp-set your hair this way. Then even a light finger wave will last for weeks. You'll not need a shampoo half so often. And your hair will always have that fresh, lustrous appearance.

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